

THE LAND OF BURNS,

A SERIES OF LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

THE SCOTTISH POET.

THE LANDSCAPES FROM PAINTINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK,

BY D. O. HILL, ESQ., R.S.A.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

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P R E F A C E.

THE LAND OF BURNS comprises all the localities identified with the Life and Writings of the Scottish Poet, including the richest scenery and the most picturesque features of his country. It embraces views of the “banks and braes” of the sweetest streams and the noblest rivers in the land: the Doon, the Ayr, the Lugar, the Girvan, the Irvine, the Afton, the Coil, the Feal, the Logan, the Cessnock, the Nith, the Cluden, the Clyde, the Forth, the Devon, the Tay, the Moness, the Bruar, &c. &c. Thus whilst it forms a delightful appendage to the immortal writings of the peasant Bard, it offers also a unique and very complete series of the LANDSCAPE BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND.

The Illustrations are from Paintings by a Scottish Artist, one intimately acquainted with the subjects he has depicted, and alive to all the poetical and classic interest which attaches to them. Portraits of the Poet, and of individuals connected with him by personal intimacy, or by association with his muse, have been copied, by permission, from authentic and valuable originals, existing in the galleries of the Scottish nobility and gentry.

The Literary Department has been executed by Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh, and Robert Chambers, Esq. The latter gentleman has furnished the graphic and interesting descriptions which accompany the Engravings; and to the learned Professor the reader is indebted for the masterly ESSAY ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF BURNS.

The magnificent powers of mind concentrated upon this theme, have shed a halo round the history and productions of the Poet, so radiant and lovely, that we may hereafter turn from the mausoleum and sculptured effigy of the Bard, to contemplate his lineaments and cherish his memory in the burning eloquence of the great master spirit of the present age.

The Publishers have much satisfaction in presenting to the world of letters this tribute of united talent to the genius and memory of the Minstrel of Scotland; and in acknowledging the liberal patronage which has rewarded their efforts to produce a work, worthy of its subject, and suitable to the advanced state of British Literature and Art.

GLASGOW, 1841.

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THE

LAND OF BURNS.

PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

"BURNS was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the elegance and symmetry of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant, who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and repelling intrusion. * * * His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humour—of the most extravagant mirth—of the deepest melancholy—or of the most sublime emotion." Such, according to his first biographer, was the least vulgar man of his day, in Scotland—the ploughman of the leas of Mossiel.

Sir Walter Scott has likewise sketched Burns from a recollection of forty years. "His person was robust and strong; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the

Poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, that is, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of strength and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say, literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

It is not sufficiently indicated in these descriptions that Burns had two aspects, the one totally different from the other, though they could be readily interchanged in accordance with the changing condition of his mind. In his ordinary moments, his countenance appeared heavy and unpromising, and when in company which did not rouse his mental powers, he would sometimes betray a gloomy studiousness and abstraction, approaching to sullenness, leaning his head upon his hand, and, with elbow on knee, musing on the ground for half an hour at a time. No two men could be more unlike than the Burns of this mood, and the Burns engaged in animated conversation. His countenance was then lighted up with the intellectual fire within; his eye shone, or, in Scott's more appropriate phrase, *glowed*, and he exhibited in succession the various expressions enumerated by Dr Currie. In the words of the late Dr John Mackenzie, of Irvine, his intimate friend, "He was more of *two men* than any man I ever knew;" in confirmation of which remark Mackenzie used to relate the following anecdote:—

A gentleman, on a visit to Dr Mackenzie, at Mauchline, having expressed a wish to see Burns, the doctor, to gratify him, walked with him to Mossgiel to call upon the poet. On the way, they met Burns; the stranger was introduced, and a short conversation took place, in the course of which the poet mentioned that he was that night to attend the Mason Lodge, and asked Mackenzie if he also designed to be present. Dr Mackenzie, with a view to gratify his visitor, promised to attend, and the poet then left them.

In the evening, Mackenzie and his friend proceeded to the Lodge, but, arriving rather late, the meeting was already constituted and pretty far advanced in jollity. After sitting for some time, the stranger whispered into the doctor's ear, "What has become of Burns?" "Become of him!" said Mackenzie; "don't you see him in the chair." "No," said his friend; "that is certainly not the man we saw in the forenoon." It was the Poet, nevertheless, under new circumstances.

A portrait of Burns was painted in 1787, by Mr Alexander Nasmyth, who still survives, the father of the art in Scotland. It was engraved by Benger for the first Edinburgh edition of the Poems; and as the artist was a man of considerable talent, and had the benefit of some sittings from the poet, this engraving has often been referred to by the friends of Burns, as the most faithful transcript of his features with which they are acquainted. Another portrait, in oil, was painted by Mr Peter Taylor, an artist little known: it was engraved in 1830, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, and published by Constable and Company, with attestations of its fidelity from various authoritative quarters. It represents the poet



with a more aquiline countenance than he possessed, and thus bears a striking resemblance to his brother Gilbert. Dr Mackenzie, the acuteness of whose mind, even at the age of eighty, was well known to the present writer, could never be brought to allow that Taylor's picture was a faithful resemblance of the poet. Public sentiment having, after all, reverted to Nasmyth's picture as the best, it has been adopted as the basis of the likeness engraved in the present work, in which an attempt is made to realize, in some measure, the aspect which the original wore when animated by conversation.

AYR,

FROM BROWN CARRICK HILL.

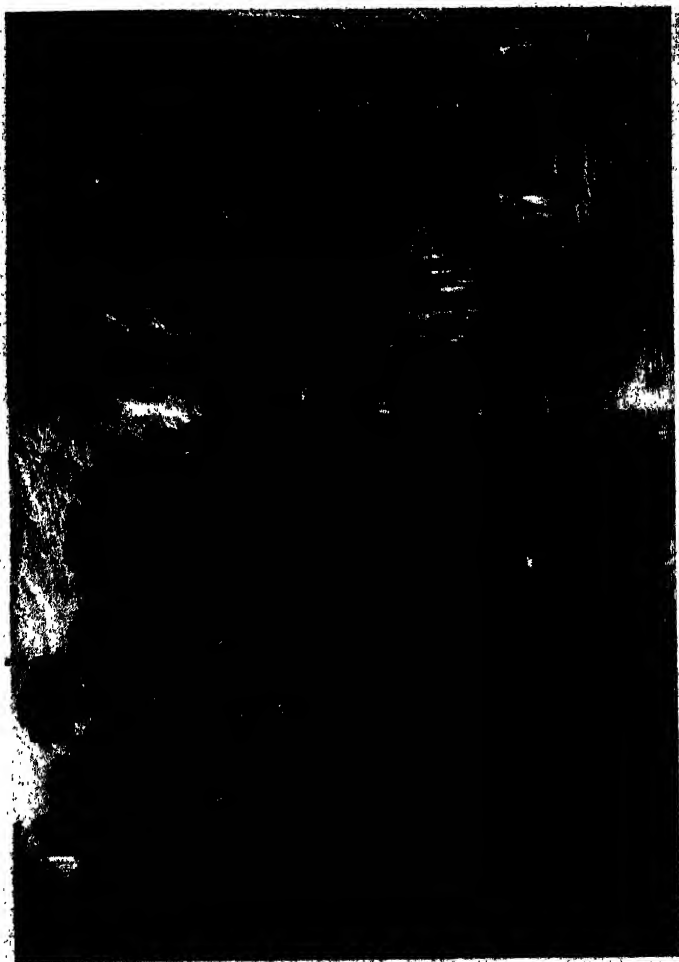
"Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient burgh rear'd her head;
Still as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace."—THE VISION.

THE extensive view embraced by this print is one of the most beautiful, of the softer kind, in the south-western province of Scotland, comprehending a finely harmonized association of sea and land, hill and valley. The spectator is supposed to be stationed on Brown Carrick Hill, an eminence rising immediately to the south of the efflux of the Doon, and taking its name from the hue formerly presented by its uncultivated surface, and from its conspicuousness in the eyes of the dalesmen of Kyle as a frontier to the adjacent district of Carrick, for the Doon, it will be recollected, forms a natural boundary between these sub-divisions of Ayrshire. The Brown Hill, like many other tracts abandoned by our ancestors to hopeless sterility, is now partially cultivated and planted; and the fore-ground has accordingly been filled by the artist with a characteristic harvest scene. The Firth of Clyde is seen on the left enlivened by many a sail, indicative of the mercantile activity displayed at Greenock and Glasgow. It bends here into a fine bay, marked by two projecting lines, the more remote of which is the point of Troon, a natural harbour serving as a landing place for the numerous steamers on the Clyde, and for the exportation of the Ayrshire coal to Ireland, and the transmission of the manufactures of Kilmarnock in various directions, that town being connected with Troon by a railway. The nearest of the projecting lines is the pier of Ayr, to the right of which may be discerned the shipping in the port, and, still further to the right, the more prominent features of the old burgh itself, particularly the spire of the Town Hall, and the Wallace Tower. On the left side of the picture, the eye, wandering past the two ruined towers of Newark and Greenan, the latter of which is perched on the verge of the sea, rests on the lofty and rugged mountains of Arran, which dimly repose in the distance.

In the middle ground of the picture, on the right, we survey the very cradle land of Burns and his genius. It was here that existence dawned upon him, here he wandered, a contemplative child, to "pu' the gowans fine" by Doon's immortal banks—and here that he endured all the earlier sorrows of his unhappy, but not unbrightened lot. Immediately under the slope of the hill, the Doon passes on its silent and shaded way towards the sea, where its embouchure is very distinctly marked. The bridge seen on the right verge of the print is not the old one alluded to in "Tam o' Shanter," but one of modern erection, and handsome proportions, about a hundred yards lower down the stream. Immediately beyond it, the monument erected to the poet by a too lately grateful country rises from a slight eminence. Close behind the extremity of the bridge, is a small villa, recently built by Mr David Auld of Ayr; near which may be discerned the spectral outline of Alloway Kirk, and a little farther back, near a group of trees, the cottage birth-place of the poet, now occupied as a way-side alehouse. This part of the view from Carrick Hill has a richness in natural beauty, in elegant and picturesque buildings, and in moral associations, which may very confidently be described as no where surpassed, if indeed any where equalled, in Scotland.

The hills beyond Ayr are those which rise in the parishes of Dundonald, Symington, Craigie, and Riccarton, on the northern extremity of the district of Kyle, the river Irvine descending beyond them to the sea. Among these heights there is a ridge named Barnweil Hill, which tradition has connected with the history of Wallace. When, in revenge for the treacherous slaughter of many of his friends, the hero had set fire to the barns of Ayr, in which were pent up many hundreds of the cruel Southronie, he retired towards the residence of his uncle at Riccarton. On gaining the height where Ayr is last visible, he turned about, and, observing the flames still glowing through the darkness, made a laconic remark, expressive of the deep feelings seated in his bosom on this terrible occasion—"The barns," said he, "burn weel." The popular tale represents the place as taking its name from this expression; but it is more likely that the name was the same before Wallace's days, as it belonged to a parochial division now suppressed, and was perhaps originally Bar-n-wild (Celtic, hill of streams), which is correctly descriptive of the nature of the ground. It would be quite in keeping, nevertheless, with the character of the age, if Wallace used the words attributed to him with a punning reference to the existing name of the ground, so that the anecdote may be substantially true. In the immediate neighbourhood of Barnweil are still to be seen the ruins of the castle of Craigie, an ancient seat of the family of the champion of Scotland. Below the eastern slope of these heights, a little to the right of the position of the town, are Tarbolton, Coilsfield, and Lochlee, all of them places identified with the Poet's history. The more shadowy range of eminences in the extreme distance is composed of the Galston Muirs—

"The rising sun o'er Galston Muirs
WT' glorious light was glintin'."—HOLY FAIR.



BARSKIMMING—ON THE AYR.

BARSKIMMING,

ON THE AYR.

Among the scenes on the allegorical mantle of Coila, in "the Vision," the poet introduces one thus delineated:

"Through many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fenced cove,
Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
In musing mood,
An aged judge I saw him rove
Dispensing good."

Barskimming, and its proprietor, Thomas Miller, Lord Justice Clerk, were here in the poet's eye, and the compliment was merited by both.

The lands and mansion of Barskimming, occupy a more than usually romantic portion of the banks of the Ayr, between the villages of Tarbolton and Mauchline, and must have been much under the notice of Burns when he resided at Lochlee and Moss-giel. The river here steals its way through a long profound chasm in the new red sand stone of the district, the sides of which are in many places as perpendicular as walls, but, in every spot where vegetation is possible, clothed with the most luxuriant wood. A bridge, seen in the picture, stretches from the one bank to the other, at a dizzy height above the furtive and scarce seen stream, giving access to the mansion, which is situated on a height immediately above. In the precipices beneath the house, there are some artificial caves, accessible in the course of the pleasure walks connected with the mansion.

Lord Justice Clerk Miller, son of William Miller, of Glenlee, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was born in 1717, and received the most valuable part of his education under the celebrated Professor Hutcheson, of Glasgow. Entering at the bar in 1742, he rose through a series of offices to that of Supreme Criminal Judge, which he held from 1766 till January 1788; when he succeeded Sir Robert Dundas, as president of the Court of Session, and attained the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain. His utility in this high office was unexpectedly cut short, in the ensuing September, when he died, after an illness of two days, at his seat of Barskimming; "leaving," says his biographer, Mr David (since baron) Hume, "no good man his enemy, and attended with that sincere and extensive regret which only those can hope for, who have occupied the like important stations, and acquitted themselves as well."

The sketch of Sir Thomas's character, drawn by Mr Hume, fully justifies the praise of the poet. "He was a very social and hospitable man to his family and connections; and indeed, to all about him; full of gentleness, and kindness, and cordiality. * * * In a humane visit to the house of a servant or dependent, he equally pleased, and was as surely directed to the very things that were fit and acceptable to be said, as in his intercourse with those of his own rank. * * * He retained through life the highest relish of the

beauties of nature, and every year spent a considerable part of the recess of business in the enjoyment and improvement of the romantic scenes at his seat of Barskimming. It was not, however, to the object of beauty alone, that his attention at those seasons was directed, but also to the better management and substantial melioration of his estate. And this pursuit engaged him in very numerous and extensive operations, all of which he himself both planned and superintended the execution of, and successfully conducted; though, in the hands of most other men, having the same avocations of business, without the same activity, constancy, and ardour, they were more likely to have proved abortive, or even ruinous.”*

Barskimming is at present (1837,) the property of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart., only son of the above; a judge of the Court of Session, under the designation of Lord Glenlee.

A little farther up the Ayr than the point which forms the subject of the plate, and at the extremity of the Barskimming pleasure-grounds, a country road from Mauchline to Stair crosses the river by an old bridge, likewise of one arch, the situation of which is peculiarly romantic. In a grey October morning, when the present writer visited the place, the dark and copious stream, dappled with foam and fallen leaves, pressed on its way beneath the crush of green and russet foliage on either side, till a curve in its channel conveyed it from sight, while, far above the topmost boughs of the wood, the crows were seen fluttering and sailing through the dull sky. Immediately above the bridge, on the south side, stands Barskimming mill, the road to which has been cut through a vast mass of sand stone; and opposite to this is a little plot of ground, used as a nursery and garden by the Barskimming family—the *earliest* place on the banks of the Ayr. The meeting of the Lugar with the Ayr, a little higher up, is likewise a scene of great beauty, but not here visible. Immediately below the bridge, on the same side of the stream with the mill, there is a small level grassy plot, or holm, surrounded by lime and chestnut trees; this little holm is interestingly connected with the history of Burns, by the following circumstance, which has thus been related by a correspondent, from the words of the late James Andrew, miller at Barskimming mill. Close beside the end of the bridge stands a neat small house, at the time to which this anecdote relates, inhabited by an old man named Kemp, and his daughter. The old man, not originally possessed of the best of tempers, was rendered peevish and querulous by disease, and, in consequence of slight paralysis, generally supported himself on two sticks. His daughter Kate, however, a trim trig lass, was one of the leading belles of the district, and as such had attracted a share of the attentions of Robert Burns. One evening the poet had come from Mauchline to see Kate; but, on arriving at the house, he found the old man at the door in a more than usually peevish mood, and was informed by him that the cow was lost, and that Kate had gone in

* Account of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Miller, of Glenlee, Bart., Lord President of the Court of Session, F.R.S., Edinburgh. By David Hume, Esq. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. II.



quest of her, but she had been so long away he was afraid she was lost too. The poet, leaving the old man, crossed the bridge, and at the farther end, he met the miller of Bar-skimming mill, then a young man about his own age, whom he accosted thus: "Weel, miller, what are you doing here?" "Na, Robin," said the miller, "I s'ould put that question to you, for I am at hame and ye're no." "Why," said Robin, "I cam down to see Kate Kemp." "I was just gaun the same gate," said the miller. "Then ye need gang nae farther," said Burns, "for baith her and the cow's lost, and the auld man is perfectly wud at the want o' them. But come, we'll tak' a turn or two in the holm till we see if she cast up." They accordingly went into the holm, and during the first two rounds they made, the poet chatted freely, but subsequently got more and more taciturn, and during the last two rounds spoke not a word. On reaching the style that led from the place, he abruptly bade the miller good night, and walked rapidly towards Mauchline. Next time the miller and he met, he said, "Miller, I owe you an apology for my silence during our last walk together, and for leaving you so abruptly." "Oh," said he, "Robin, there is no occasion, for I supposed some subject had occurred to you, and that you were thinking and perhaps composing something on it." "You were quite right, miller," said Burns, "and I will now read you what was chiefly the work of that evening."

The composition he read was "Man was made to mourn!"

A Y R,

THE TWA, BRIGS.

"Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he w'd Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, toughly dour, he bade an urto bang.
New Brig was bukit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got."—THE TWA BRIGS.

THE artist has here given a spirited representation of a piece of street scenery in Ayr, including the two bridges which Burns has thrown into so dramatic an attitude.

The river here, just before its junction with the sea, divides the burgh of Ayr from a district termed the Newton, corresponding with Southwark in the metropolis, and which possesses a separate burghal existence. The old bridge, seen in the centre of the picture, spans the river by four lofty arches of homely, but solid architecture, for the purpose of connecting these seats of population, as well as the corresponding districts of the country. As precision may be desired by some readers, it will not be superfluous to mention that the length of this ancient structure is about seventy double paces, and its breadth six, so

that the poet, or rather the genius of the new bridge, must be held to have used it rather unhandsoinely in speaking of its

—“a poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where two wheel-barrow tremble when they meet.”

It is accessible from the Ayr, or south side of the river, by a street of similar width, which contains to this day many houses of the fashion of the seventeenth century. At the north end, it descends rapidly to a street in the Newton, the first house in which, on the left hand, distinguishable in the print by its whiteness, is the “Simpson’s” (namely, Simpson’s Tavern,) round which the poet wheeled the left about on his homeward way, on the night of his rencontre with the geni of the two bridges.

History notes not accurately the date of the old bridge. It is said, but upon no good authority, to have been built in the reign of Alexander III., (1249—1285,) or less than a century after the town of Ayr had acquired burghal privileges. Tradition states, that before its erection, the Doocote stream, a ford about two hundred yards farther up, afforded the best passage which was to be had across the river for a long way. In the poem, it will be recollected, the new bridge insinuates that there are men of taste who would still prefer this passage to that by such an ugly Gothic hulk as its elder companion; but in truth an erection which saved the necessity of fording such a river must have been much appreciated in its day. As Burns had spelled the name of the Doocote stream in a very mysterious manner, it may not be amiss to mention that it is so denominated from its neighbourhood to a pigeon-house which belonged to one of the monasteries of Ayr. Tradition affirms that the construction of the old bridge was materially aided by funds supplied by a lady named Isobel Lowe and her sister, whose effigies were consequently carved upon a stone in the east parapet facing to the carriage-way. The faded remains of two such figures are still to be seen, and, when we recollect the interest taken by Queen Maud in the rearing of London bridge, it does not appear improbable that two affluent gentlewomen of Ayrshire, in an early age, should have employed their fortune in a similar work. The erection of bridges was regarded, indeed, amongst our ancestors, as almost a work of piety, and it used to call forth the zeal of eminent churchmen and other persons of distinction. The rarity of such buildings was another reason for their being valued. The time is not yet far distant when the bridges in Scotland, equal in magnitude to the old bridge of Ayr, could be reckoned in a breath: in the reign of James VI. they certainly were not more than twelve in number. And down to the middle of the eighteenth century, besides the old bridge of Barskimming, there was no other edifice of the kind across the Ayr, for fifteen miles, than that which figures in the present view.

At length the time came when this once esteemed structure was held to be no longer a safe or sufficient means of passage across the Ayr. It was at first proposed to repair it; but a committee of the town-council reported, that “Hugh Gemmil had, at their desire, narrowly inspected the bridge, and gave it as his opinion that the bridge might be repaired, but that it would cost much more expense than he at first thought, for the whole pier,

except the one next the Newton, must be taken down to their bases, and also the three arches next the town; and, upon the whole, he thought it more advisable to let the old bridge stand and build a new one." By the intervention of William Campbell, Provost, and John Ballantine, Dean of Guild, who went to London for the purpose, an act of Parliament was obtained for building a new bridge, and placing a toll upon it for the repayment of expenses; and the work was accordingly commenced in May, 1786, and finished in November, 1788, the town-council advancing the necessary funds. It seems to be allowed that, for any public advantages derived from this structure, the community was chiefly indebted to Mr Ballantine, who was Provost during the time of its erection. To this gentleman, a banker by profession, Burns had been introduced by Mr Robert Aiken, his earliest Ayr patron; and Mr Ballantyne proved his sense of the poet's personal and poetical merits by generously offering to advance the sum necessary for printing the second edition of his poems. It was therefore for more than one reason that Burns inscribed to him "the Twa Brigis."* The new bridge was designed by Robert Adam. It has five arches. On the two central spandrils, on either side, are displayed the armorial bearings of the town. The two other spandrils, on either side, contain niches, in which are placed statues of heathen deities in lead, said to have been brought from the park of Duddingston House, in the county of Edinburgh, and to have cost the town the sum of three hundred pounds. Since the erection of this bridge, the Ayr has been, times without number, one lengthened tumbling sea; but as yet the building stands firm, and seems likely to do so for ages to come. In the meantime, the magistrates have made a sad commentary upon the manful boastings of the ancient edifice, by shutting it up as a means of passage for carriages, and condemning it to the restricted load imposed by occasional pedestrians.

The *Dungeon Clock*, alluded to in the poem, was placed at the top of an old steeple which stood till the year 1825, in the Sandgate, the street which is seen in the print opening from the farther end of the new bridge. Its connection with an ancient Jail of the burgh, removed at an earlier period, was what conferred upon the clock this ominous appellation,—

"The drowsy dungeon clock had numbered two,
And Wallace tower had sworn the fact was true."

The Wallace tower was an anomalous piece of old masonry which stood in the eastern part of the High Street of Ayr, at the head of a lane named the Mill Vennel, which leads to the Doocote Stream. In the fanciful but not inappropriate language of a preceding writer on the land of Burns, "the bottom was pure barn-work, the middle dove-cote, and the top steeple, presenting, in toto, somewhat the appearance of a willow double grafted on a squat thorn." The lower part was in reality one of those towers or *peels* which formerly stood at the entrances of many Scottish towns, for defence; and the wooden steeple above, containing a clock, and surmounted by a vane, had been, as appeared from indubitable circumstances, the addition of a comparatively recent era. Tradition represented this tower as the place in

* John Ballantyne, of Castlehill, Esq., died at Ayr, July 15, 1812.—SCOTS MAGAZINE OBITUARY.

which William Wallace was confined, as stated by Blind Harry; but it is possible that the name, derived from some other circumstance, may be the sole origin of this dubious statement. Another popular report, scarcely more deserving of credit, assigns the Wallace tower as the town mansion of the Wallaces of Craigie. Having become ruinous, an attempt was made in 1830, to repair it, which ended in the complete demolition of the ancient structure, and the erection of a new one on the same site, the top of which makes a figure in the print immediately over the end of the old bridge. The new Wallace tower is a gothic building, 113 feet high, containing at the top the clock and bells of the dungeon steeple, and ornamented in front with a statue of William Wallace, executed, in consequence of a subscription among the gentlemen of Ayr, by Mr Thom, the well-known self-taught sculptor.

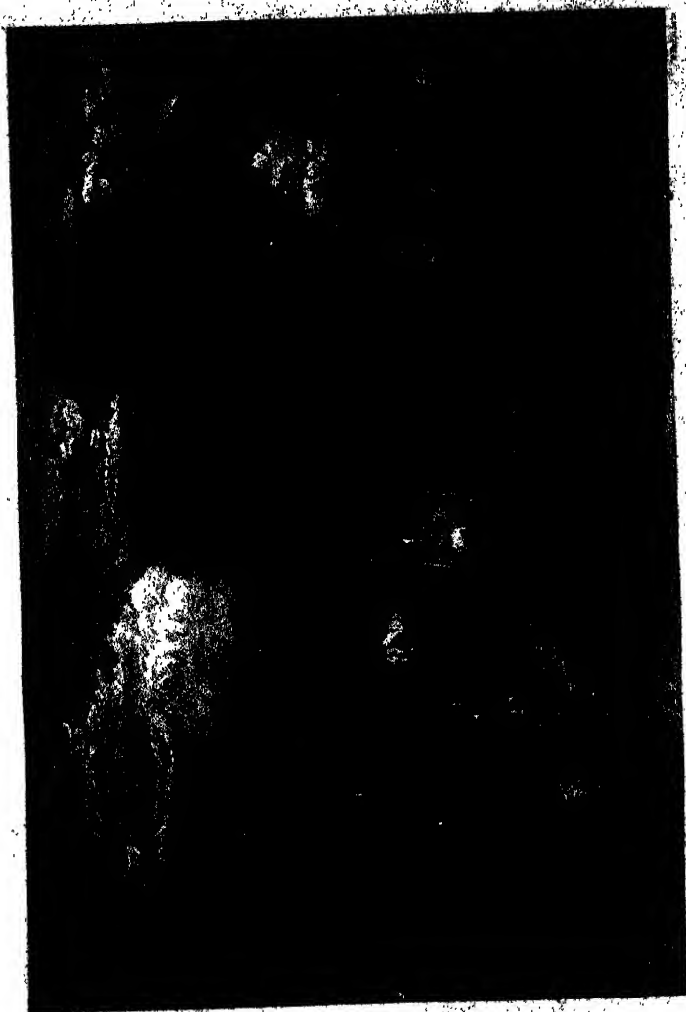
The poem of the Twa Brigs was one of those added in the second edition of the poet's works, published in Edinburgh. It seems to have been, like several others by the same author, suggested by a similar production of his predecessor Fergusson.

KIRKOSWALD,

AND TAM O'SHANTER'S GRAVE.

THE parish-village of Kirkoswald, in Carrick, on the road from Portpatrick to Glasgow, becomes entitled to a place among these views, in consequence of Burns having attended school there, for some months, in the summer of 1778, and as the resting place of two of his characters—Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnny. It is the place alluded to in the following passage of his autobiographical letter to Dr Moore:—

“A circumstance which made some alteration on my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at this time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of smuggling, riot, and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me: but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to run without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillee*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and sent me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more: but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel, like



— 'Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'—

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in this country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved," &c.

Burns seems to have been sent to Kirkoswald school, in consequence of his mother's connection with the place, for she was the daughter of Gilbert Brown, tenant of Craigenton, within the bounds of the parish. During his attendance at the school, he lived with his maternal uncle, Samuel Brown, at Ballochneil, a little more than a mile from Kirkoswald, walking every morning to the little seminary and returning at night. Hugh Rodger, the parochial teacher of that day, enjoyed great local fame as a geometrician and practical land-surveyor; and to this fame, doubtless, we are to suppose it was partly owing that the poet was sent to study at the distance of fully twenty miles from his paternal home at Lochlee. It is not to be overlooked, that, while residing at Ballochneil, he was within a short distance of the farm of Shanter, the residence of a cluster of individuals whom he afterwards introduced into his inimitable tale of "Tam O'Shanter," and who will be specified in the chapter relative to that particular scene.

In the annexed view, the village is represented as it appears from a point near the south-west extremity of the church-yard. On the left of the picture is the old ruined church, said to occupy the site of one built by Oswald, a Northumbrian king of the Heptarchy, in gratitude for a victory which he achieved near the spot, and which, taking its name from him, gave it in turn to the village and parish. A small chamber, in the east end of the building, was used as the parish school till a period briefly antecedent to Burns's residence here, when, the building becoming ruinous, a new church was erected on a neighbouring height, and Rodger transferred his seat of empire to an apartment in one of the houses of the village. The place of worship then built is seen at the extremity of the street on the right side of the picture. The room called at the same time into use as a school, was the floor or lower chamber of the house, ranking third in the row, seen over the church-yard wall, being the main street of the village, and that along which the post road passes. On visiting Kirkoswald in October 1837, the writer was conducted into the place by an individual who had sat in it, the school-fellow of Burns: it is now occupied as a shoemaker's workshop. From behind this house, as from behind each of its neighbours in the same row, a small stripe of kail-yard (*Anglice*, kitchen-garden) extends about fifty yards along the rapidly ascending slope towards the ridge on which the new church is situated. When Burns went into the particular patch behind the school to take the sun's altitude, he had only to look over a low enclosure to see the similar patch connected with the next house. Here, it seems, Peggy Thomson, daughter to the rustic occupant of that house, was walking at the time, though more probably engaged in the business of cutting cabbage for the

family dinner, than imitating the flower-gathering Proserpine, or her prototype Eve. It was with curious feelings that the writer was conducted, fifty-nine years after the event, into the scene of Burns's passion, by a brother of the object of his admiration. Peggy became, by marriage, Mrs Neilson, and lived till a recent period in the town of Ayr, where some of her children still reside. She was the heroine of the "Song composed in August," beginning,

"Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather."

John Davidson, believed to have been the *Souter Johnnie* of "Tam O'Shanter," and whose residence was at Glenfit, on Shanter farm, now lies interred near the eastern extremity of the ruined church, where a monument to Ann Gillespie, his wife, is yet to be seen. Douglas Graham, the hero of the tale, rests, along with his wife, in a part of the burial-ground nearer the spot from which the view is taken. The artist has used the liberty to put his fictitious appellation upon his tombstone, and to represent his tailless mare and his dog drooping over his grave, while Kate sits, a "waefu' woman," on a neighbouring stone. His monument, the form of which is correctly delineated in the engraving, in reality contains the following inscriptions, which are certainly such as to make one recollect, with a very odd feeling, the verses descriptive of *Tam*:

"She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken biellum," &c.

[EAST SIDE.]

"Erected by Douglas Graham, farmer in Shanter, and Helen his wife, in memory of their son, John Graham, who died, December 10, 1785, aged 18 years.

"Also Helen M'Taggart, his spouse, who died, December 2, 1798, aged 56 years. Also Douglas Graham, who died, February 14, 1811, aged 72 years."

[WEST SIDE.]

"The Lord of Life exalted stands,
And, loudly calling, spreads his hands:
He calls to thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice from every wound.
'I purge from sin's detested stain,
And make the crimson white again,
Lead to celestial joys resign'd,
And lasting as the deathless mind.'"

IRVINE.

The handsome sea-port burgh of Irvine is introduced into these sketches, in consequence of Burns having resided in it for six months in 1781, when in his twenty-third year.

We are informed by Gilbert Burns that his brother, being at this time anxious to marry,



but hopeless of that consummation while pursuing the business of a farmer, resolved to attempt to settle himself in life as a flax-dresser, and actually wrought at this business in Irvine for six months, when he threw it up as neither agreeing with his health nor inclination. The scheme, when started, appears to have been subservient to one in which the whole family were concerned—namely, to devote the farm of Lochlee chiefly, if not entirely, to the raising of flax, while Robert should prepare it for the market. Such, at least, was the recollection of the late Mr David Sillar, the poet's early friend.*

The six months he spent in this town form the era at which a serious change was for the first time made in Burns's early habits of sobriety and decorum. He here "contracted some acquaintances," says his brother, "of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." He himself particularly alludes to "a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune," who had been a sailor, and possessed "a mind fraught with every manly virtue," yet whose levity on the subject of illicit love "did me a mischief." The tissue of Burns's thoughts and habits was a mixed one. He is found in Irvine, at one time amusing himself with disputes in church-yards on points of Calvinistic theology, at another enjoying the society of the loose characters of a smuggling sea-port, again bewailing his being jilted by a *belle fille* whom he adored, at another time entering upon a connection which ended in his enduring public censure before a congregation, and finally writing that beautiful letter beginning "Honoured Father," in which he expresses himself tired of the world, and transported at the thought that he shall soon be in a better. The date of that letter is December 27: who could expect, from its desponding and moralising tone, that, four days after, he should be engaged in the New-year merry-making, in the course of which his shop caught fire and was reduced to ashes? Thus terminated his residence in Irvine.

The view presents the ancient burgh in one of its most pleasing aspects. In the centre rolls the river Irvine, the stream on whose banks Wallace performed so many feats. Its embouchure forms the harbour of the town. The suburb of Fullarton, now included within the parliamentary bounds of the burgh, is on the left bank. On the right, connected by a handsome bridge, is Irvine proper, the seat of a population of about 5,000, and at one time the principal town in the district of Cunninghame. The church and manse, the latter of which is at present in the tenantry of the Rev. John Wilson, are seen almost in the centre of the picture.

Irvine, a little earlier than the time when Burns was connected with it, gave birth to two men of genius who still live—Mr James Montgomery, the excellent author of "the Wanderer in Switzerland," whose father was settled here for some time as a Moravian clergyman; and Mr John Galt, the author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," and "Annals of the Parish," in which works Irvine is made to figure somewhat prominently, though under a fictitious appellation.

* Burns learned his art with one Peacock, a half-brother of his mother, at Irvine. His shop appears to have been in the Glasgow Vennel, a narrow alley leading out of the main street of the burgh.

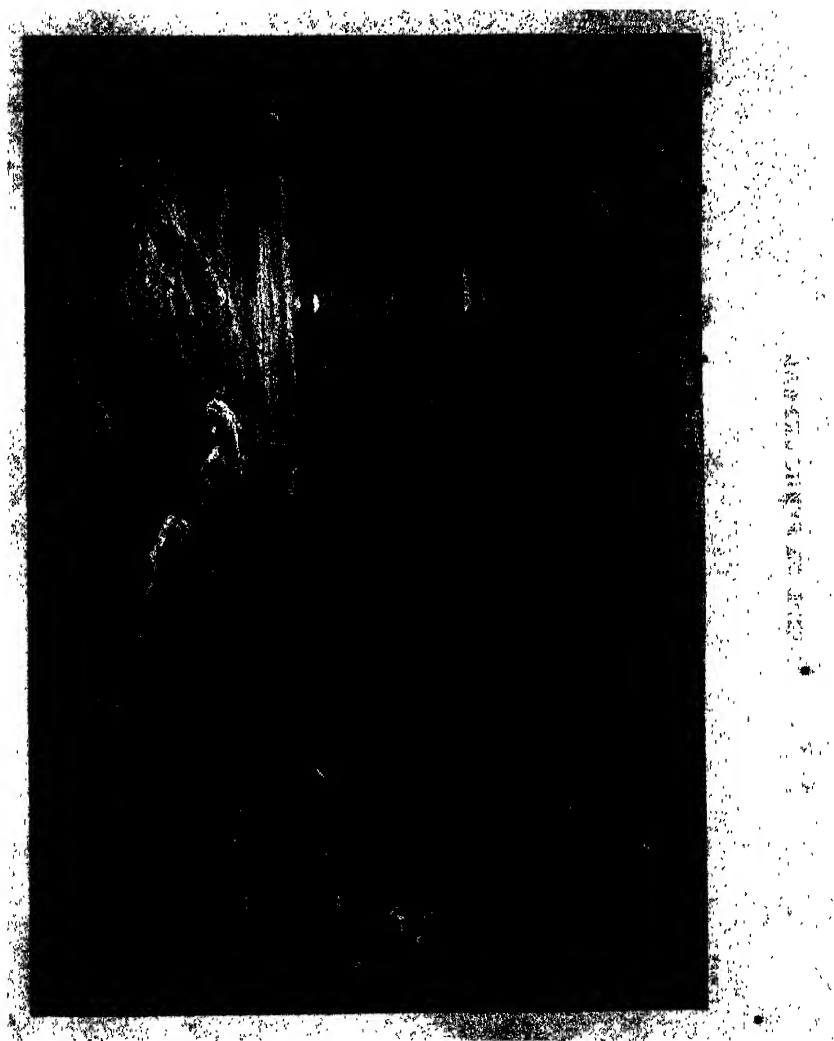
FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

"On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain, whom Burns's song inspires?
Beats not his Caledonian yokes,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?"—CAMPBELL.

These lines most expressively justify the selection of the Field of Bannockburn as a scene in the "Land of Burns." His genius has, indeed, by deepening the feeling with which his countrymen regard the spot, presented an indisputable claim to be for ever associated with it.

The foreground of the print is about three miles almost directly south from Stirling. That ancient burgh, and its castle, are seen on the middle-ground, near the left side of the picture. Beyond them rise Demyat and the rest of the Ochils, beneath which runs the Devon, a stream celebrated in two of the lyrics of the Ayrshire bard. Some of the links of the Forth are seen in the middle-ground, near the centre of the picture; but it has been found impossible, at such a distance, to convey any adequate impression of the beauty of that singular river and its banks. The industrious villages of Bannockburn, Miltown, and St Ninians, are nearer the position of the spectator, but concealed by some high ground, which rises about a mile in front of the Gillies' Hill. The spectator looks towards the north-east, and the back-ground is occupied by the distant hills of Fife.

The battle of Bannockburn was fought (Monday, June 24, 1314,) on the part of the low ground where the principal light falls, in front of the Gillies' Hill. The Scottish army, thirty thousand in number, was drawn up in three divisions, in a direction from south-east to north-west, the right division being placed on the skirts of the Gillies' Hill, with its right flank resting on the natural defences of the rugged channel of the Bannock, while the centre occupied the low ground immediately to the east of the Gillies' Hill, with a morass in front, and the left division was placed on the eastern slope of Cockshot Hill, seen in the print swelling a little into light. The gillies (servant lads) belonging to the army, fifteen thousand in number, were placed behind the hill which still bears their name; and on the Caldam Hill, in front of the army, the Scottish king had planted his standard in a mass of granite, still called, from that circumstance, the Bored Stone. Thus posted, as a cover for Stirling Castle, the army of Bruce received the attack of an English host, said to have been nearly a hundred thousand strong, commanded by Edward II. in person. The English were at the very first thrown into difficulties by a series of small concealed pits which the Scotch had dug in their path; and when hard fighting was making them waver, their overthrow was accomplished by the sudden appearance, over the neighbouring hill, of a new and unexpected host, composed of the gillies who had been stationed in the rear, but who, becoming impatient, had resolved to advance into the conflict. The result was the permanent assertion of the independence of Scotland.



There is a Jacobite song (to be found in the first volume of Mr Hogg's Collection) consisting of a few rude, but animated stanzas, of which the following are specimens:—

“ Here's to the King, sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
And to every honest man,
That will do't again.

Fill, fill your bumpers high,
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;
Out upon them, fie, O fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans,
They have done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
Tuttle tatttle to the drum,
Up claymore, and down wi' gun,
And to the rogues again.”

From an allusion, in a subsequent verse, to the proposal of the eccentric king of Sweden, to aid in raising a new Stuart insurrection in Scotland, it may be supposed that this song was written about the year 1717. The tune to which it is sung is called *Tuttie Taittie*, apparently in consequence of the introduction of those words into one of the stanzas, words seemingly designed to express the sound of the trumpet. If these surmises be correct, the reader will see how little probability there is in the tradition, which Burns says he had heard in various parts of Scotland, that the air of *Tuttie Taittie* was that to which the Scottish army marched at Bannockburn. Upon many other grounds, the fact that that air was played by the Scots on that eventful morning, appears doubtful. Frazer's hautboy, of whose magic we ourselves well recollect the impression, had often caused this tune to draw tears from the eyes of Burns. He probably entertained little doubt of the truth of the tradition. He gloried in the memory of Bruce, and in the recollection of his country's independence and liberties. “Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman,” he says, in a letter enclosing Bruce's address to the Earl of Buchan, “I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equally with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able (3) usurper, leading on the first army in Europe, to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or to perish with her.—Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable! for never canst thou be too dearly bought!” These thoughts, with some others on events of recent occurrence, working in the mind of the poet, led to the commencement of the composition of his immortal lyric during a stormy ride with Mr Syme of Ryedale, among the wilds between Glenken and Gatehouse, in Galloway, at the close of July 1793.

It is a curious fact in the history of this poem—for it is a poem which may well have a history—that, when submitted to Mr George Thomson, the proposal to attach it to *Tuttie*

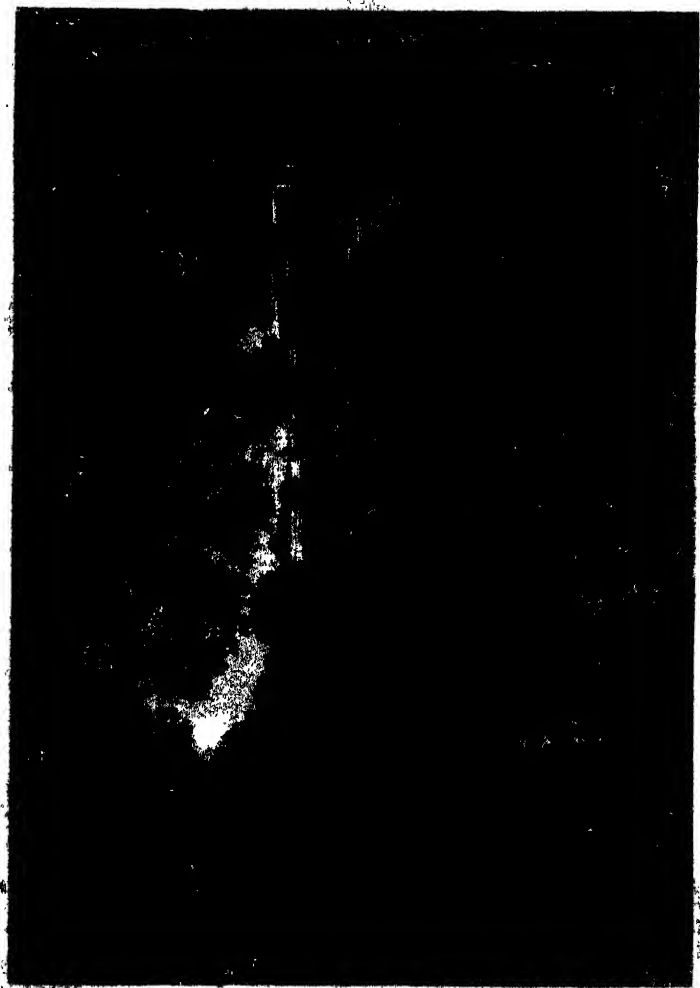
Taittie was unhesitatingly condemned by that learned and really skillful person, to whose mind, probably from the influence of association, this air appeared utterly contemptible. Mr Thomson proposed *Lewis Gordon* instead, and the lyric was actually for some years generally sung to that comparatively tame air, till at length the feeling of the nation restored *Tuttie Taittie*, and justified the taste of Burns. It is another remarkable circumstance in the history of this poem, that both Wordsworth and Mrs Hemans have confessed themselves unable to perceive genuine poetry in it. Wordsworth's declaration, somewhere recorded, is, that it is mere trash. The language of the most exalted passion, under the most exciting of circumstances, appears, we suspect, to many minds of the present day, as not poetry, if it want metaphor and glitter—as if anything but the most direct and energetic phraseology were ever heard in nature, on occasions of fervid emergency, like that of Bannockburn.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING has few more difficult tasks than that of conveying an idea of the character of the banks of a famed river, especially if these banks, as so often happens in Scotland, be confined and bosky, and liable, along a certain extent, to considerable variation. The artist is then apt to find that what charms every one in the course of a short walk, becomes no proper subject for his pencil, and simply because he has to limit himself to a certain point, which may or may not be characteristic of the whole, and at the best is but a part of the scene he is called upon to represent. These difficulties are peculiarly besetting on the banks of the Doon, which, within a few miles of the bridges at Alloway, has almost as many various aspects as the *burn* so graphically described in "Halloween,"—

" Whyles ower a kinn the burnie plays,
As through a glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays:
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' flickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading basal,
Unseen that night."

By taking his station at a point in the grounds of Doonside where the river makes a bend, the artist has contrived to introduce two considerable reaches of this celebrated stream, comprehending some of its most remarkable characteristics, particularly the steepness of its banks at certain places, and the sylvan beauty which marks all the lower part of its course. The steeples of Ayr, the kirk, monument, and old bridge of Alloway, and the sea and the peaks of Arran, have also been introduced, and lend additional character to the picture. Altogether, it may be admitted that the best has here been made of a very difficult subject.



The point from which the view is taken is within the grounds of *Doonside*, the seat of William Crawford, Esq. The ruin of an elder house or castle of Doonside, is seen on the left side of the picture, perched on a red-sandstone cliff, which literally overhangs the river. From a description of Carrick, written about the time of the Revolution, and which is printed in Mr Pitcairn's curious volume on the history of the Kennedies, it appears that the former name of Doonside House was Bridgend, from its proximity to the "Auld Brig." It is there spoken of as "a pretty dwelling, surrounded with gardens, orchards, and parks." The present house is situated behind the position of the spectator. It was as the gardener at Doonside house, that Burns's father made his first appearance in the neighbourhood of Kirk Alloway. Between the house and the river, there is a fine pastoral holm, or tongue of alluvial land, nearly encircled with trees, and by the stream itself, and forming one of the most strikingly beautiful points of scenery on the Doon. This piece of ground has apparently given name to a mansion on the opposite bank, *Doonholm*, the seat of Andrew Hunter, Esq. William Burns, while residing in his *clay bigging* at Alloway, acted for several years as gardener and overseer to Mr Fergusson of Doonholm, and, in 1766, took from that gentleman his first farm of Mount Oliphant.

The conspicuous buildings in the centre of the picture form a manufacturing establishment,* which bears the name of the Dutch Mill, in consideration of its having been established about two centuries ago by a native of Holland, the progenitor, it is said, of the individuals of the name of Gowdie, now numerous in Ayrshire. There is a delightful walk along the bank of the river by the Dutch Mill.

The farm of Mount Oliphant, above alluded to, is one of seventy-five acres, situated on a gentle slope which rises to the east of Doonholm House, the steading being about two miles from the Bridge of Doon. As the scene of the poet's existence between his seventh and seventeenth year, it is worthy of some notice. It is now called Mount Fergusson, and is the property of Mr Oswald of Auchincruive. Notwithstanding the inclination of the ground, it is still the wet, cold soil with which Burns's father struggled so hard. The steading, accessible from a cross-road by a devious willow-skirted way, has been renewed in recent times. Here the inspired son of Coila was called upon, by stern poverty, to take the flail into his hand and work the work of a man, while as yet only in his thirteenth year. The place, however, has some peculiarities which might help to make a poet. It commands an extensive and most interesting prospect, having the banks and braes of Doon immediately beneath, the spires of Ayr on the one hand, and the hoary ruins of Greenan and Newark on the other, while the Firth of Clyde opens its vast expanse in the distance, backed by the ever impressive ridge of Arran, and leading the eye away towards the north to the far promontories of Cunningham and Renfrewshire, and the dim blue of the Argyleshire Highlands.

* For carding, spinning, and weaving wool into blankets, in which about thirty hands are employed.—NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

LUCY JOHNSTON.

Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, of Hilton, Esq., was married, April 23, 1793, to Mr Richard Alexander Oswald, of Auchincruive, in the county of Ayr.

In the ensuing year we find Burns thus writing in Dumfries to his friend Syme: "I enclose you a song, which I composed since I saw you, and am going to give you the history of it. Among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, there is nothing charms me more than Mr O.'s unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman. Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the divine Giver of all good things than Mr Oswald? A fine fortune—a pleasing exterior—self-evident amiable dispositions—and an ingenuous upright mind, and that informed, too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune; and to all this, such a woman! but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate: in my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervour thought of sending it to Mrs Oswald, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors." What the Bard hesitated to do for himself, was afterwards done by Syme; but it has not been told how the lady received this rich tribute to her beauty.

The song was as follows:—

"O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.

"Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

"How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

"The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy,
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapsland's dreary sky.



" My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad teit and shelter there.

" O, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon !
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beann ne'er shone upon.

" If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

" For while life's dearest blood is warm,
As thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form !
She has the truest, kindest heart."

Alas for beauty—fortune—affections—and hopes! This lovely and accomplished woman had not blessed Mr Oswald above a year beyond this period, when she fell into pulmonary consumption. A removal to a warmer climate was tried, in the hope of restoring health; but she died at Lisbon, in January 1798, at an age little exceeding thirty.

MAUCHLINE,

GAVIN HAMILTON'S HOUSE.

THE village of Mauchline, twelve miles to the south of Kilmarnock, on the road from Glasgow to Dumfries, is peculiarly well entitled to a place among these sketches, from its connection with the personal and literary history of Burns. The years of his life between the twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth were spent at Mossiel, a mile from Mauchline,—the years during which he wrote his principal poems, and when, to use the language of Mr Lockhart, "his character came out in all its brightest lights, and in all but its darkest shadows." As the chief seat of an assembled population in his neighbourhood, this village, all humble as it was, appropriated a large share of the notice of the poet, during this important era. To it he resorted, after labour, for the pleasures of society—there he presided in his debating club, or shone over his bowl, or addressed the daughters of beauty in that language which no man ever could use as he. Mauchline and its people, accordingly, are very conspicuous in his writings. It was the scene of the *Holy Fair*, and of the *Jolly Beggars*. Here dwelt his hosts, John Dow and Nanse Tinnock. His mistress, Jean Armour, was one of the "six proper young belles" of Mauchline, whom he celebrates. He proposes to meet Lapraik at "Mauchline race," or "Mauchline fair." Its minister was the unfortunate Daddy Auld, whom he has characterised so ungently; and one of its elders

was that Holy Willie into whose mouth he has put so remarkable an exposition of rigid Calvinism. And here was the residence of his friend Gavin Hamilton, to whom he inscribes a Dedication, and whose friendship was unquestionably one of the most important circumstances of his early life.

Mauchline is described, in the ordinary topographical authorities, as a neatly built village of upwards of thirteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the face of a slope, about a mile from the Ayr. The present minister, in his statistical account of the parish, states that it was formerly a burgh of barony, but that the charter was lost an hundred and twenty years ago, and has never been renewed.* We might at first suppose that a rustic population, like that of Mauchline, would form but a poor field for the descriptive and satirical genius of Burns. It is wonderful, however, how variously original many of the inhabitants of the most ordinary Scottish village will contrive to be. Human nature may be studied every where; and perhaps it no where assumes so many strikingly distinct forms as in a small cluster of men, such as is to be found in a town of a thousand inhabitants. In such a place, every individual luxuriates in his own particular direction, till the whole become as well individualised as the objects of inanimate nature; while in a city, the individual is lost in the mass, and no one is greatly different from another. In a small town, the character of every man is well known, so that every thing he says or does appears to his fellows as characteristic. One is a wag, another is a miser, a third exaggerates all that he has to relate, a fourth delights (but this perhaps is little distinction) in strong waters. Every one is more or less a humorist, and, as such, affords a perpetual amusement to his compeers. If Shakspeare could draw lively delineations of human character from such persons as the originals of Silence and Shallow, it may well be conceived that a genius like Burns must have seen as good subjects in many of the villagers of Mauchline. To give an idea of the taste for wit and humour which might exist in such a scene as this, we may quote what was said by a shopkeeper named D——, when on his deathbed, in reference to a person who had been to him and all the other inhabitants as the very sun and soul of fun for many years, and was recently deceased. Even in this melancholy condition, D—— said he accounted it no small consolation to reflect, that he had *lived in the same days with John Weir*. The mind of the honest trader might no doubt have been filled with reflections more fitting to his situation; but it is impossible to doubt that it was from such escapes of natural character that the very happiest touches of both Shakspeare and Burns were derived.

The church, seen in the view, is a recent substitute for a low ungainly building which existed in Burns's time. The burial ground surrounding the old edifice was more particularly the scene of the Holy Fair,—in other words, of the out-door preachings attending

* The church of Mauchline was a cell or appendage of Melrose Abbey. George Wishart, the celebrated martyr of the Reformation, was, in 1544, invited to preach at Mauchline kirk; but, on arriving at the place, found that the sheriff of Ayr, an opponent of the Protestant doctrines, had planted a guard on the church to keep him out. Some of the country people proposed to force an entrance; but he forbade them, saying, "It is the word of peace I preach unto you. The blood of no man shall be shed for it this day. Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church; and he himself preached oftener in the desert and on the sea-side than in the temple of Jerusalem." Then walking to the edge of the moor, on the south side of the town, he held forth to the multitude for upwards of three hours.

the ordinary celebration of the communion. Most readers will recollect the features of this scene, as so graphically touched by the poet—

“Then in we go to see the show:
On every side they're gatherin,
Some carrying deals, some chairs and stools,
And some are busy bletherin.

* * *

“Here some are thinking on their sins,
And some upon their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
Anither sighs and prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed up, grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day,” &c.

The house seen in the view to the right of the church, is a plain, but not uncomfortable inn, denominated the *Whiteford Arms*. It was a favourite resort of Burns, who, on the back window of one of the upper rooms, scribbled an amusing epitaph on the host, John Dow, in which he made out the religion of that worthy to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors. From the same back window he could converse in the language of the eyes with his Jean, whose father's house was immediately behind, in the lane denominated the Cowgate. The reader will recollect an allusion to this lane in the Holy Fair. Common Sense, who, on the appearance of a particular minister in the tent, is said to have gone—

“Aff and up the Cowgate,”

was not, it appears, the abstraction usually so called, but the bodily form of Dr John Mackenzie, (afterwards of Irvine), who had carried on a controversy with Burns, under that assumed name. From a part of the church-yard opposite to that from which the view is taken, a back door opened into the hostlery of old Nanse Tinnock, in whose house the poet promises to drink the health of Pitt, “nine times a-week.” Nanse is long dead and gone, but the door still remains, a memorial of the old days of tent-preaching in Mauchline. The design of this access was to enable the congregation to hold a more ready communication with the bread and cheese and foaming ale, which they required for the solacement of their physical system on these occasions. Mrs Tinnock is described as having been a true *ale-wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no tale-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if *her John* was here, “Oh no,” Nanse would reply, shaking money in her pocket as she spoke; “he's no here,” implying to the querist that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to herself that he was not among her half-pence—thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and has a front towards the street by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Mossiel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house “nine times a-week.” “The *lad*,” she said, “hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life.” Nanse, probably, had never heard of the *poetical* licence.

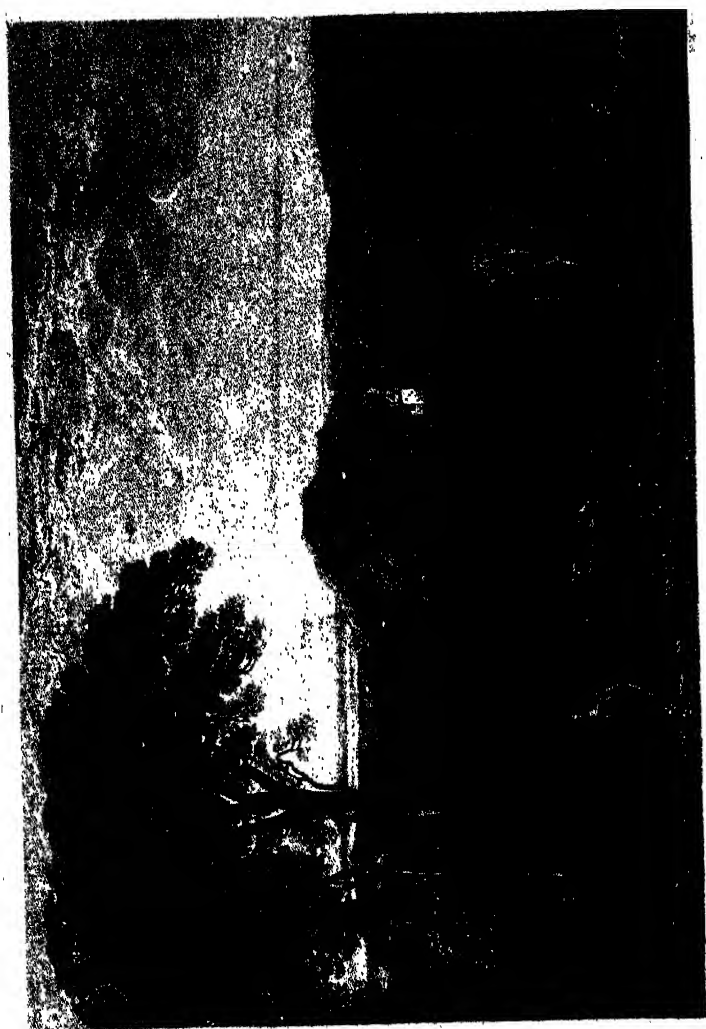
The house of Mr Gavin Hamilton, now possessed by his son, Mr Alexander Hamilton, forms the most conspicuous object in the engraving. The taller part of the edifice to the left, is a portion of the castle formerly connected with the Priory of Mauchline: the rest of the house is comparatively modern. Mr Gavin Hamilton was a writer, or legal practitioner, of highly respectable character—a man of spirit and intelligence, generous, affable and enlightened.* Unfortunately, his religious practice did not square with the notions of the then minister of Mauchline, the “Daddy Auld” already alluded to, who, in 1785, is found in the session-records to have summoned him for rebuke, on the four following charges:—1. Unnecessary absence from church, for five consecutive Sundays (apparently the result of some dispute about a poor’s rate); 2. Setting out on a journey to Carrick on a Sunday; 3. Habitual, if not total neglect of family worship; 4. Writing an abusive letter to the session in reference to some of their former proceedings respecting him. Strange though this prosecution may seem, it was strictly accordant with the right assumed by clergymen at that period to inquire into the private habits of parishioners. It was fortunately, however, mixed up with some personal motives in the members of the session, which were so apparent to the Presbytery, to which Mr Hamilton appealed, that that reverend body ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and all notice of them expunged from the records. Prepossessions of more kinds than one induced Burns to let loose his irreverent muse in satire against the persecutors of Mr Hamilton: and the result was several poems, in which it is but too apparent that religion itself suffers in common with those whom he holds up as abusing it. About two years after, when Burns had commenced the Edinburgh chapter of his life, a new offence was committed by Mr Hamilton. He had, on a Sunday morning, ordered a servant to take in some potatoes which happened to have been left out in the garden after being dug. This came to the ears of the minister, and Mr Hamilton was summoned to answer for the offence. Some ludicrous details occur in the session-records. It is there alleged that two and a half rows of potatoes were dug on the morning in question, by Mr Hamilton’s express order, and carried home by his daughter: nay, so keen had the spirit of persecution been, that the rows had been formally measured, and found to be each eleven feet long; so that twenty-seven feet and a half altogether had been dug. The Presbytery or Synod treated this prosecution in the same way as the former, and Burns did not overlook it in his poems. He alludes to it in *Holy Willie’s Prayer*, when he makes that individual implore a curse upon Mr Hamilton’s

“basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes”—

and on several other occasions.

In Mr Hamilton’s house, is shown the room in which Burns composed the satirical

* Mr Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, both editions, has given a somewhat incorrect account of Mr Hamilton, his family, and the causes of his quarrel with the kirk-session of Mauchline. His father was a son of Hamilton of Kype in Lanarkshire, and it was only by his wife that he was in any way connected with the district of Carrick; she being a daughter of Kennedy of Daljerrok. It is related of the laird of Kype that he was once paying a visit to the Duke of Hamilton, when his grace inquired in what degree he was related to the ducal house, and whereabouts in the family tree the race of Kype was to be found. “It would be needless to seek the root among the branches,” answered the haughty laird, who perhaps had some pretensions to be of the principal stock of the Hamiltons or knew at least that the claims of the ducal house to the chiefship were by no means clear.



poem entitled the Calf. He had called upon Mr Hamilton on his way to church, and found him confined with gout, but was desired by him to bring home a note of the text on which the minister should preach. Mr Hamilton's writing-room had then a back-door leading to the church. By this way Burns entered on his return, and finding a sister of Mrs Hamilton writing a note at the business desk, requested a pen, and, sitting down on the other side, scribbled in a few minutes one of the most bitter *jeux d'esprits* he ever penned. This room is further remarkable as the one in which the poet was married, that ceremony being rather of a legal than of a religious complexion. From the session-record, it would appear that the ceremony took place on the 3d of August, 1788, and that Mr Burns, being informed that in irregular marriages it was customary for the bridegroom to pay a small fine to the poor of the parish, gave a guinea for this purpose.**

CASSILLIS CASTLE AND CASSILLIS DOWNANS.

THE poem of Halloween opens, it will be recollected, thus—

" Upon that night, when faeries light
On Cassillis Downans dance,
Or ower the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance."

IN the accompanying print, this favourite scene of fairy sport is seen rising behind the ancient mansion from which it takes its name. The castle stands on a beautiful *haugh* on the left bank of the Doon, about a mile from the parish-village of Dalrymple.

The lands, and probably also the castle of Cassillis, appear to have passed, in the reign of David II., from a family named Montgomery, into the possession of Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, direct male ancestor of the present Marquis of Ailsa.* At the beginning of the sixteenth century, it must have been the chief residence of this powerful race, as David, third Lord Kennedy, was, about 1510, created Earl of Cassillis. This nobleman fell at Flodden, with many of his followers; and there is still to be seen, in front of the castle, a very large plane tree, underneath whose melancholy boughs his surviving people are said to have spent several weeks in lamentation of their own and their country's calamity—for which reason, it bears the appellation of the Dule Tree. Tradition tells a tale of another kind in connection with Cassillis castle. While John, the sixth Earl, was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, his consort is said to have been seduced away from this house by a party of gipsies, supposed to have been headed by a lover in disguise; the consequence of which imprudence was her confinement for life in a tower belonging to her husband in the neighbouring town of Maybole. These circumstances are more particularly related in an old ballad, which is sung to a beautiful air; but it is

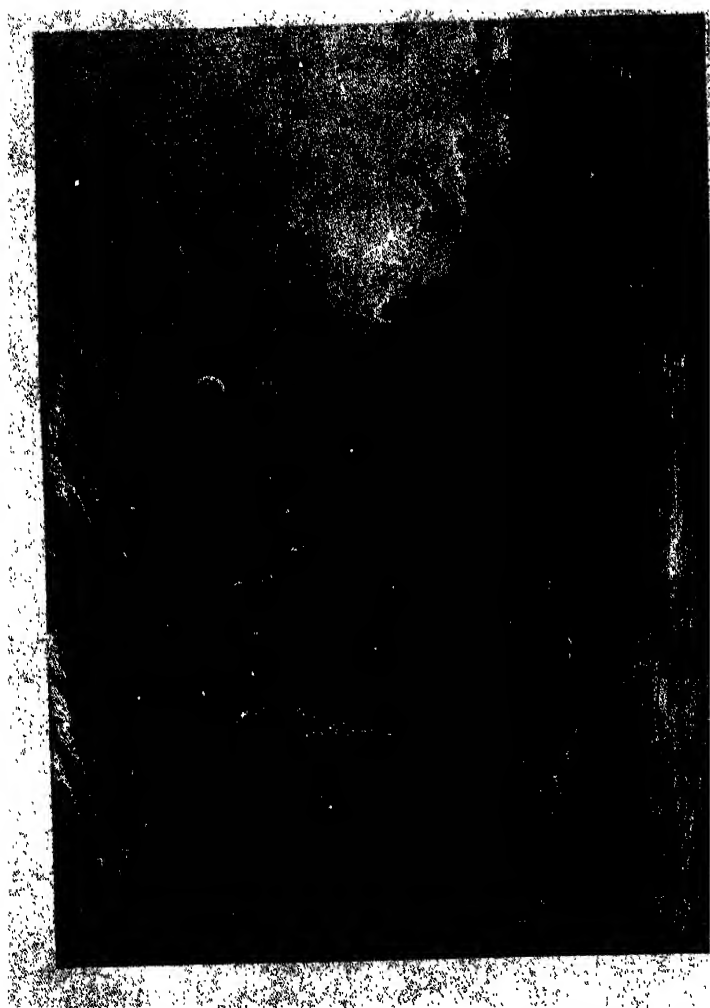
* Part of the above article appeared, for the first time, in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, No. 93.

proper to state that great doubt hangs over them. In a music book, known from unquestionable evidence to have been written before 1620, this very air is found, under the title of *Lady Cassillis's Lilt*; which evinces that it could not have been composed for the wife of the sixth Earl, (that lady having been born in 1607,) in whatever way the verses of the ballad may have taken their origin. However this question may be decided, it cannot affect the honour of the existing family, whose descent is traced from a younger son of an earlier possessor of the title. Cassillis castle continued to be the principal residence of the family till the extinction of the male line in 1759, when the titles were adjudged to Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Colzean, and that house, elsewhere noticed in the present work, became, in the language of old writs, the principal messuage of the Earls of Cassillis. •

Cassillis castle, although deserted by its noble owner, has never been allowed to fall into decay. A few years ago, although not well furnished, it formed a superb and perfectly entire and unaltered specimen of the baronial towers of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, containing one large apartment in each floor, accessible by a spiral stair, and having walls in some places twenty-two feet thick. Lately, it has received a new front, in Gothic taste, containing a dining-room, and drawing-room, with other apartments, and is now occupied by a gentleman on lease. The *Countess's Room*—a small chamber in the upper floor, from which tradition represents the unlucky lady above-mentioned as compelled to behold her lover and more than a dozen of his companions hanging on the Dule Tree below—is still shown, but is reduced to be the sleeping-room of the servants. The grounds are laid out in a modern taste, and, with the Doon stealing its way through them, are eminently beautiful.

The Cassillis Downans are three or four small hills rising about a quarter of a mile to the south of the castle, near the road between Maybole and Dalrymple. The largest—that nearest to the house,—appears to be three hundred feet above the level of the Doon; the second is somewhat lower; and one or two others are greatly less marked. They are covered with green sward, through which, in some places, the rock may be seen; and hence Burns has described them, in a note, as “rocky.” On the top of the highest there is a circular mound, with a breach in it to the west, as if designed for a means of access. It is probable that this was an early fort, more particularly as the farm on the slope of the hill bears the name of Dunreo—obviously Dun-right, the king's castle. The peculiar forms of these hillocks, and their rising in the midst of a generally level country, are circumstances which could not fail to excite superstitious ideas in an unlettered people. They were, accordingly, down to Burns's time, regarded as the work of fairies, and a peculiar scene of their midnight revels. In reality, they are masses of trap, and one of them at this moment supplies excellent “metal” for the repair of the neighbouring roads.

The scenery of this print must have been familiar to Burns, as he attended the school at Dalrymple for some time, during the residence of his father at Mount Oliphant.



COLZEAN CASTLE.

WITH THE FAIRY COVES.

THIS magnificent and picturesque mansion, the principal seat of Archibald, Marquis of Ailsa, (twelfth Earl of Cassillis), is alluded to in "Halloween:"

"Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassillis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colzean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams!
There up the Coves to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that night."

It is situated upon the verge of a great basaltic cliff, on the coast of Carrick, about two miles from the village of Kirkoswald. With marine sublimity on the one side, and the extreme of sylvan beauty on the other, it is scarcely possible to imagine a situation more worthy of the chief of whose ancestors it was said—

"Twixt Wigton and the town o' Ayr,
Portpatrick and the cruives of Cree,
Nae mau need think for to hide there,
Unless he court wi' Kennedy."

The lands of Colzean appear, in the early part of the fifteenth century, to have been the property of a branch of the family afterwards ennobled under the titles of Kennedy and Cassillis; they are distinguished in the family history as the *old* Kennedies of Colzean. Having probably reverted to the main line, these lands once more, in 1569, became the property of a branch of the family, in the person of Sir Thomas Kennedy, second son of Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis. The former castle or messuage connected with the lands, was built soon after by this individual. It is thus alluded to in a description of Carrick, left in manuscript by Sir James Balfour, Lyon King at Arms to James VI.:—"The House of the Cove, builded with greate coste and expensse, some 40 years agoe, by Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullzeane, Tutor of Cassillis. It is situated on a cove below, having a rocke above; quheron it is saitted, and [from which it is] denominatted. This cove is open to the sea, of ane large extent; within quhich formerly has been a werey strong hold, before closs with great windowes and grattes of irone, contening within about the space of a pair of buttes, with a fontane of freche vatter."* Another manuscript of the same period speaks of the "werey braiff zairdis," (very fine gardens) formed by Sir Thomas in connection with his mansion. An unfortunate misunderstanding between this powerful and able man, and an equally potent cadet of his house, the Laird of Bargeny, led to his being assassinated near the town of Ayr, May 12, 1602. The extraordinary machinations of

* See Mr Pitcairn's curious and interesting publication, *Historical and Genealogical Account of the Principal Families of the Name of Kennedy*. 4to. 1820.

the Mures, elder and younger of Auchindrane, for the accomplishment of this base deed, have been made the subject of a drama by Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzean, great-grandson of Sir Thomas, is said to have acquired some notoriety as a *persecutor*,—namely, as an instrument of the government against the non-conformist presbyterians of the two last Stuart reigns. Tradition states, that after the Revolution, when the affections which had previously constituted the virtue of loyalty, were interpreted as the blackest guilt, Sir Archibald was sometimes obliged for his safety to the coves beneath his mansion. By his wife, one of the daughters of General David Lesly, Lord Newark, he had four daughters, the second of whom, Susanna, was distinguished for a noble stature, and extraordinary beauty. One day, while walking in her father's gardens at Colzean,* a hawk, bearing the name and arms of the Earl of Eglintoune, alighted on her shoulder; which was held to betoken the probability of her ultimately having some connection with that title. She afterwards became the wife of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoune, to whom she bore a large family. In her youth she patronised Ramsay, who dedicates the *Gentle Shepherd* to her; and in her old age, she received a visit from Dr Johnson, at her dotarial seat of Auchans, near Dundonald.

On the extinction of the main line of the Cassillis family, in the person of John, the eighth Earl, in 1759, the title and family estates became the inheritance of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Colzean, who accordingly—though not without some litigation—became ninth Earl of Cassillis. It is related that the estates had nearly been disunited from the title on this occasion, and were only gained for the Colzean family, by Earl John privately executing a deed of entail in their favour a few months before he died, while his countess was attending a ball. It was now deemed necessary that the house of the Cove should be rebuilt in a style worthy of the main line of the race of Kennedy; and this task was accordingly commenced in 1777, by David, the tenth Earl, brother of the preceding. The plan of the new mansion was by Robert Adam. It presents, along the verge of the sea-impending precipice, a range of lofty castellated masses, with windows in a gothic taste, a splendid terraced garden in front, a bridge of approach, and offices in corresponding style, at a little distance to the left,—the whole covering an area of four acres. The impression conveyed by the mansion, on approaching it in the usual manner, through the far-spreading glades of an ancient park, is that of baronial dignity, affluence, and taste; surveyed from the sea, or, as in this print, from the beach, it suggests the idea of those eyrie-like fortresses of old, which took so much strength from nature as to appear to smile defiance at all the hostile efforts of mere human power. The interior of the castle is remarkable for an extensive and valuable collection of arms and armour.

The Coves, which have obviously been the means of introducing the print on the present occasion, are situated directly underneath the castle. They appear simply natural

* A description of Carrick, written about the close of the seventeenth century, and printed by Mr Pitcairn, speaks of these gardens in high terms. The house, says this authority, is "planted on the south with very pretty gardens and orchards, adorned with excellent terraces, and the walls laden with peaches, apricots, cherries, and other fruit; and these gardens are so well sheltered from the north and east winds, and lie so open to the south, that the fruits and herbage are more early than [in] any other place in Carrick."



chinks left in the basalt in the process of its volcanic formation. Burns, during his residence near Kirkoswald, must have often heard of their reputation as haunts of the fairies. They are six in number, and are thus described in the Rev. Mr Biggar's statistical account of the parish of Kirkoswald: "Of the three towards the west, the largest has its entry as low as high water mark. The roof is about fifty feet high, and has the appearance as if two large rocks had fallen together, forming a gothic arch, though very irregular; it extends inwards about two hundred feet, and varies in breadth. It communicates with the other two, which are both considerably less, but of much the same irregular form. Towards the east are the other three coves, which likewise communicate with each other. They are nearly of the same height and figure with the others; but their dimensions have not been ascertained. To the largest of the three westmost coves, [those immediately under the castle] is a door or entry, built of free stone, with a window three feet above the door, of the same kind of work; above both of these is an apartment, from which might be sent down whatever could annoy the assailants of the door." We have seen reason to surmise, that this mason work is as old as the former mansion of Colzean: it gives the place all the appearance of having been designed as a habitation, and one calculated to protect its inmates from hostile assault.

JOHN MOORE, M. D.

JOHN MOORE, M. D., one of the first men of established literary reputation who befriended the Ayrshire poet, was the son of the Reverend Charles Moore, minister of the gospel at Stirling. This gentleman, although born in Ireland, was a cadet of the Scotch house of Mure of Rowallan, in Ayrshire; his ancestor, Captain Alexander Mure, the son of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, and Anna Dundas of Newliston, having been slain in an action about the year 1648, with the rebels in Ireland, where his family continued to reside. The son of this gentleman was a military officer, who also served in Ireland under William the III.; and it was perhaps owing to the family connection with Scotland, as much as to his talents, and exemplary character, that the son of the last Captain Moore was, although an alien to the country, advanced in early life to the parochial charge at Stirling, where his son, Dr John Moore, the subject of the present notice, was born, in 1730.* His father died while Dr Moore was yet a child, when his mother removed with him to Glasgow, where she possessed some property, inherited from her father, Anderson of Dowhill, whose family, once in circumstances of great affluence in that city, had suffered

* The family of Mure of Rowallan is said to have been originally of the tribe of O'More in Ireland, so that Captain Mure's descendants in changing the spelling of the name, only reverted to the original orthography. Robert II., king of Scotland, married Elizabeth Mure, daughter of Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan, and from this marriage the royal family of Stuart is descended.—See *Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallan*, by Sir William Mure, knight of Rowallan.

much, according to Wodrow, the historian, from fines imposed in the reign of James the II., for their adherence to Presbyterianism; and the participation of the last laird of Dowhill, in the Darien expedition, reduced the family to comparative poverty. On a temperament such as that of the author of *Zeluco*, it does not seem unreasonable to conclude, that the position in which his earlier years were passed, may have exercised no inconsiderable influence in promoting those habits of industry and exertion, for which, in after life, he was eminently distinguished. At Glasgow, Dr Moore received both his elementary and academical education. So precocious were his talents, that in 1747, when only seventeen years of age, he was honoured with the especial patronage of Colonel Campbell, of the 54th regiment, afterwards the fifth Duke of Argyll, by whom he was introduced to the hospitals connected with the British army in Flanders, and brought under the notice of various distinguished officers, as a young man likely to be an ornament to the medical profession. At the conclusion of the war, he was for some time an *attaché* to the British Embassy of Lord Albemarle, in Paris. He afterwards settled in practice in Glasgow, as the partner of Mr Hamilton, the university professor of anatomy. While, however, the professional accomplishments of Dr Moore were never made the subject of doubt, a certain dislike to the drudgery of medical practice prevented him from enjoying that amount of public patronage to which he was entitled by his talents. It was therefore with no unwilling mind that, early in 1769, though for some years married and the father of several children, he agreed to take the charge of the young Duke of Hamilton, step-son of his first patron, a youth of fourteen, possessed of the most excellent dispositions, but whose health was such as to require the constant attendance of a physician. With this young nobleman, Dr Moore made one short excursion on the continent. But the connection was abruptly dissolved in July by the death of the Duke, upon whose tomb his affectionate attendant inscribed a poetical epitaph, testifying to the promise which was thus early blighted.

In the following year, Dr Moore was selected to attend the next brother and heir of the deceased Duke—the noted Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, now a sickly boy, and as yet innocent of the vices that ultimately clouded a career which talent and generosity had combined with almost princely rank and fortune to render illustrious. Dr Moore and this young nobleman spent five years in continental travel, finally returning in 1778 when his Grace had attained his majority. In that year Dr Moore removed his family to London, with the design of prosecuting his profession in a higher sphere than could be commanded in Glasgow. As yet, though advanced to middle life, he had given the world no decided proof of his literary talents; but this he now did (1779) by the publication of his “*View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*,”—a work of so much vivacity and intelligence, that it instantly attained a great popularity in the author’s own country, and was translated into French, German, and Italian. Encouraged by the success of his first literary venture, he soon after published a similar work on Italy, which was, however, less favourably received.

That he might not be supposed to have abandoned his profession in favour of letters, he produced, in 1785, a volume entitled "Medical Sketches," which treats, says one of his biographers, "rather in a popular than a scientific manner, on several important topics relative to health and disease, not without an intermixture of pleasant stories and humorous sarcasm—but, though it proved him to be a man of good sense, and one who had studied his profession, it does not appear that his practice in London ever extended beyond his particular acquaintance." It was at the close of the ensuing year that his attention was drawn to the poetry of Burns. Some expressions of admiration which he had employed regarding it, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, and which that lady transmitted to Burns, led to a correspondence between the learned physician and the comparatively unlettered bard, in which the one party appears kind without the least affectation of superiority, and the other respectful with as little display of servility. To Dr Moore, the poet, in the ensuing August, (1787), addressed a sketch of his own life, which was published in the front of Dr Currie's memoir, and has effectually associated the names of these very opposite men in our literary history.

Dr Moore, when on the verge of sixty, (1789), appeared for the first time as a writer of fiction. His novel of "Zeluco," which was then published, assumed, and has ever since maintained, a respectable place amongst works of that class, on account of the powerful moral painting which forms the most conspicuous feature of its composition. His subsequent novels, entitled "Edward," and "Mordaunt," respectively published in 1796 and 1800, were less esteemed. But before the first of these works was written, his attention had been engaged by the progress of the French Revolution. The interest he felt in the affairs of France, and probably some design of making them the subject of a book, induced him to proceed, late in the summer of 1792, to Paris. He there witnessed the insurrection of the 10th of August, the dethronement of the king, the terrific massacres of September, and the tremendous party struggles which marked the remainder of the year. He was consequently enabled to gratify the curiosity of the British public by a work under the title of "A Journal during a Residence in France, &c." which is allowed by his liberal contemporary, Dr Aiken, to be written with impartiality and discernment. A subsequent work, under the title of "A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution," closes the list of Dr Moore's publications. After several years spent in ease and retirement, at Richmond, he died at his house in Clifford Street, London, February 29, 1802. He left five sons, the eldest of whom was the gallant and lamented Sir John Moore.

Several likenesses of Dr Moore were painted at different times. There is a portrait at Hamilton palace, by Gavin Hamilton, which has been engraved in Anderson's edition of this author's works, but which portrays very imperfectly the intellectual features of one, whose name it may be permitted to hope, is destined "to live in his land's language." In Corswall house in Wigtonshire, the seat of his son, Mr James Carrick Moore, there is a fine portrait of Dr Moore, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; but both this portrait, and an en-

graved sketch, likewise by Lawrence, give the idea of a person far advanced in years, and of a broken and enfeebled constitution. We have therefore selected for this work, a portrait of Dr Moore painted about 1770, by William Cochrane, (known as Cochrane of Rome). This artist was born at Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, but went to Italy about 1761, where he acquired great celebrity, by several pieces which he executed, the most admired of which were his Dædalus and Icarus, and his Diana and Endymion. He returned to Scotland, where he died in 1785. The portrait, the subject of our engraving, is in the possession of Dr Moore's nephew, Charles Mackintosh, Esq. of Campsie.

GLEN AFTON.

ONE of the first persons of rank who became acquainted with Burns, was the late Mrs Stewart of Afton and Stair. According to the recollection of a surviving friend of the lady, the medium through which they became acquainted was a certain Peggy Orr, who had the charge of Mrs Stewart's children.* It is said that, seeing some letters and poems of Burns in that girl's possession, and being struck by their superior style, Mrs Stewart expressed a desire to see the poet, and he consequently waited upon her. Of the treatment he experienced on this occasion from Mrs Stewart, he thus speaks in a letter addressed to her, about the time he intended to go abroad:—"One feature of your character," he says, "I shall ever with grateful pleasure remember—the reception I met with when I had the honour of waiting on you. I am little acquainted with politeness; but I know a good deal of benevolence of temper and goodness of heart. Surely, did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some classes of their inferiors by condescension and affability, they would never stand so high, measuring out with every look the height of their elevation, but condescend as sweetly as did Mrs Stewart of Stair."

It was in the old castle of Stair—the cradle of one of the most illustrious of our Scottish families, though, since their possession of it, it has gone through many hands—that this interview took place. Mrs Stewart, who was connected with that ancient mansion by her marriage, was, by descent, proprietress of another estate, situated in Glen Afton, in the parish of New Cumnock. With this vale Burns probably became acquainted in the course of his frequent rides between Ayrshire and Nithsdale, when about to settle at Ellisland. It is a remarkably fine specimen of the pastoral vale of southern Scotland. The Afton, which gives it a name, rises in the high grounds where the counties of Ayr and Dumfries and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, meet; and, after a course of ten miles,

* Peggy is pronounced by the same authority to have been the sweetheart of David Sillar, alluded to in the poet's epistle to that individual—

"Ye have your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean."



in a northerly direction, it joins the Nith at New Cumnock kirk. In the lower part of the vale, near New Cumnock, there are a few houses, but the general character of the vale is an almost primitive solitude. The writer of the statistical account of the parish, published by Sir John Sinclair, mentions that, at the commencement of his incumbency, in 1757, Glen Afton contained but one house. On entering it from the south, the eye is delighted with the fine mixture of wood and glade, which lies along the slopes, like the light and shade of an April day. At no remote period, the whole vale was probably overspread with wood, as Yarrow, and other vales now pastoral, are known to have been. There is a tradition that the trees formerly grew so thick, that a certain laird of Craigdarroch, on one occasion, found his way from branch to branch, for five miles, without coming to the ground: such wonderful tales, even when not admitted as true in fact, show the strength of the impression which the real fact originally made on the popular mind. The vale now seems half-way between the one condition and the other. Birches, in great number—the ash—the mountain ash—the pine—together with numerous hawthorns, of great age and considerable size—constitute the materials of the woods of Glen Afton, the outskirts of which betray manifest tokens that they are rapidly sinking beneath the assaults of the sheep. Here and there, a hawthorn may be seen standing by itself on a green slope, the sole survivor of a goodly community of trees, all of which have long since perished. The whole scene is most characteristically Scottish, and, in spring, when the hawthorns are in bloom, it is extremely beautiful. As we advance along the vale, the woods lessen, and finally cease, and we then see only long reaching green uplands, swelling afar into the lofty bounding hills which separate three counties. Connecting the pastoral loveliness of this vale with his kind-hearted patroness, Mrs Stewart, Burns composed his exquisitely melodious song entitled, “Afton Water;” in which he imagined the proprietress of no small part of its soil, as a simple cottage maiden, and himself as her lover—a roude of compliment to gentlewomen which he seems to have preferred to all others, but which, we suspect, must have been in general much more pleasant to himself than to them:—

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

“Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro’ the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

“How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark’d wi’ the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary’s sweet cot in my eye.

“How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow:
There, oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

“Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

There is a riding track along Glen Afton, which crosses the hills into Galloway, being marked by cairns at regular intervals to direct the traveller. Queen Mary, on her retreat from Langside, is said by tradition to have passed by this track on her way to Dundrennan. On Dalhenna Holm, represented about the centre of the accompanying print, a cairn still bears her name, in consequence of her having paused for a short time on the spot to take some refreshment. Dalhenna is the property of a race of Campbells, who are the oldest lairds of that part of the country. Tradition relates a romantic story respecting one of them, which we shall give in the words of a correspondent:—

"On the Black Craig, a hill two thousand feet high, which looks over Glen Afton, there is a large opening called the Giant's Cave. It was occupied long ago by an outlaw of gigantic bulk, who lived by laying the neighbouring flocks under contribution, and who had a wife as remarkable for her gigantic stature as himself. On one occasion, for want of a more ready supply of victual, he laid hands upon a fat bull belonging to the laird of Dalhenna, and carried it off upon his shoulders to his cave.* Enraged at the loss of so valuable an animal, and being a man of great resolution, the laird mounted his grey mare and set out for the giant's habitation. He calculated that, immediately after the return of the outlaw to his cave, he would take some repose, while his wife would as certainly disembowel the animal, and take the intestines to be washed in the passing stream; nor was it less likely that she would have a pot of water boiling on the fire, to prepare a portion of either the meat or the tripe. Concealing himself therefore in the wood hard by, he watched till he saw the giantess leave the cave, and go down to the stream, as he had expected, carrying with her the offals of the bull. He then made an insidious approach, and, drawing his good broad-sword, entered the cave. All was as he had calculated. The giant lay snoring with open mouth beside the fire, and a large pot was just coming to the boil. He immediately poured the contents of the vessel into the mouth of the sleeping robber, and thus dispatched him. Leaving the cave, he had scarcely mounted his horse, when the giantess returned and perceived what had taken place. She immediately gave chase, and after a long run came up with him; but when, like Cutty-sark, she had caught his mare by the tail, he cleared himself by a sweep of his sword, which severed her hand from her body. She returned, and soon after died of grief, and the bodies of both giant and giantess repose in Lochbroughan Holm."

* There is nothing positively miraculous here, as, we believe, there is an authentic anecdote of Big Sam of the Sutherland Fencibles carrying a bullock's balk from a butcher's shop to Richmond barracks, on condition of getting it for himself.



STIRLING.

FROM THE OLD PALACE.

THIS view is taken from the south front of the palace of James V., so as to place a portion of that building in the foreground, and include the more conspicuous features of the town, and the beautiful scenery towards the east, through which the Forth pursues its devious way.

Stirling and its castle are of great, but unknown antiquity. The latter was an important fortress in the days of Bruce, when it was besieged by Edward I. in person, and reduced with great difficulty. During the reigns of "the Jameses," it was the favourite seat of Scottish royalty. In a room which still exists, James II., in 1452, stabbed the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, from rage at his refusing to give up a league which he had formed against the government. James III. erected a parliament-hall, and a chapel-royal, the former of which still survives. James V. was reared in this castle, under the care of Sir David Lyndsey, and, in mature life, added to the former building the palace above alluded to. Queen Mary also spent a portion of her youthful years in Stirling castle. Her son, James VI., who was baptized here, resided in the same palace, with his preceptor, Buchanan, during the whole of his minority. Prince Henry was also born, baptized, and reared in Stirling castle.

The palace of James V., here judiciously fore-shortened, is a curious memorial of the taste of the age. The general style of the architecture is heavy, and that of the decorative parts purely whimsical and grotesque. All round the building there is a series of oddly twisted buttresses or pilasters, bearing ungainly statues, chiefly of mythological personages, with much fantastic ornament besides. At least two of the images are not of the character stated, and one of these is the royal founder himself, a short, unprepossessing figure: another is an undressed female, usually recognised by the popular appellation of "the Modest Maid," and of whom it is related that she obtained this honourable and conspicuous situation in gratitude for her having once saved the royal family from being destroyed by a nocturnal conflagration, rushing to give the alarm in the condition in which she is here represented. There is not, as far as we are aware, anywhere in Scotland, any specimen of architecture in the same peculiar taste. Its inferiority is the more remarkable, as the parts of Holyroodhouse and Linlithgow erected by the same monarch, are very elegant.

The historical and antiquarian interest of Stirling Castle, great as it is, bears no proportion, in the eyes of most strangers, to the beauty of the views commanded from its battlements. Seated on a lofty mass of basalt, in the centre of a wide plain, with an ample river flowing beneath, and an amphitheatre of magnificent hills in the distance, Stirling Castle has an attraction for the lovers of the picturesque, such as few places in

Scotland can boast of. Looking forth from the walls towards the north-west, the eye, sweeping round from south to north, commands in succession the rugged fells of Campsie, the grand mass of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, and Ben More,—beyond which it loses itself over the turbid Land-Sea of the Grampians, melting away into the faint blue distance. On the eastern battlements, with Demyat, and the other Ochils on the left hand, we have the rich, alluvial vale of the Forth, marked with town and grange, and manor and tower, and leading the eye along in delighted gaze till it dimly catches the remote outline of lofty Edinburgh. *

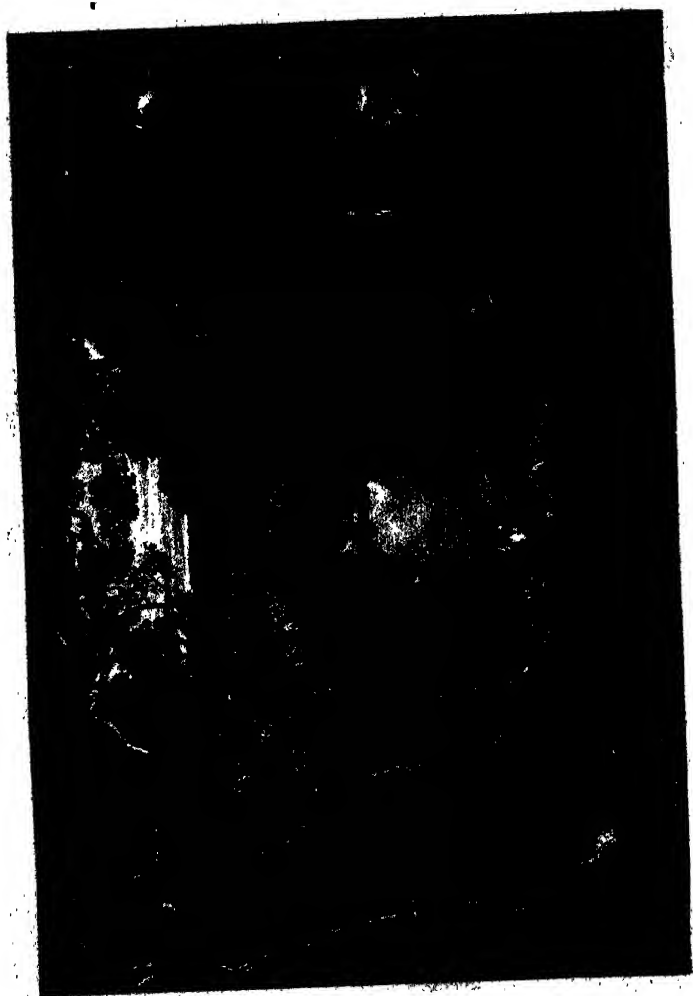
Amongst the tourists who visited Stirling in the autumn of 1787, was Robert Burns, then on a tour to the West Highlands. We are told that the poet's national feelings were, on this occasion, greatly excited on beholding the roofless state of the parliament-hall of the Stuarts. Under the influence of this excitement, and of his habitual Jacobitism, he wrote the following extraordinary lines on a pane in the inn—

"Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotia's weal ordain'd;
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands:
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost,
Who know them best despise them most."

A friend immediately hinting to him the imprudence of the act he had just committed, he said, "Oh, I mean to reprove myself;" and then walking to the window, added the following—

"Rash mortal and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel."

The original lines were certainly as strongly marked by an unworthy feeling towards the reigning, as by a generous affection, towards the dethroned family; but the sin of writing them is unnecessarily aggravated by Mr Lockhart, when he says,—“The last conflict,” alluding, in the coarsest style, to the melancholy state of the good king's health at the time, “was indeed an outrage of which no political prejudice could have made a gentleman approve.” The king was not seized by his celebrated indisposition till October in the ensuing year. In that couplet—here, by the way, printed for the first time—Burns seems to have merely proceeded upon a prevailing impression of at least the Jacobite part of the community, respecting the intellectual character of the family of Brunswick-Lunenbourg. How far the impression was from the truth, it would be ludicrous to advert to in serious terms; but it is curious now to perceive traces of the extent to which it animated a portion of British society in the past age. It appears that the impassioned peasant of Kyle was not, in the use of this rash and coarse expression, more guilty of lese-majesty, than another individual, who, though under the same political prepossessions, was certainly the last whom Mr Lockhart could have expected to be guilty of any such out-



burst. In a letter by Robert Forbes, bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Leith, to Bishop Gordon of London, and of which a copy, under Forbes's hand, rests before us, is the following passage—"You know the famous Dr Johnson has been among us. Several anecdotes could I give you of him; but one is most singular. Dining one day at the table of one of the Lords of Session, the company stumbled upon characters, particularly, it would appear, of kings. 'Well,' said the bluff Doctor, 'George I. was a robber. George II. a fool, and George III. is an idiot!' How the company stared I leave you to judge. It was far from being polite, especially considering the table at which he was entertained, and that he himself is a pensioner at £300 a-year." It is just, indeed, possible that no such saying was ever uttered, but much more likely that it was.

If Burns's guilt was great, it was soon repented of. Coming back in a few weeks, and finding that the verses had given offence, he broke the pane on which they were inscribed.

THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

THE scene here depicted is that of the song entitled, "The Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle," with which a well-known anecdote of the poet is connected. In an evening of July, 1786, he had wandered out to these braes, "to view nature," he says, "in all the gaiety of the vernal year:* it was a golden moment for a poetic heart." He here saw, like a passing vision, a famed beauty, sister of the proprietor of the grounds, and the result was, that during his homeward walk, he composed his glowing stanzas—

"'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On ilka blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along.
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle,

"With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

"O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shade
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The lovely lass o' Ballochmyle."

* Burns speaks thus in a letter of the ensuing November, when he had forgotten that the time was not spring, but summer.

In the ensuing November, he addressed a letter to this young lady, in which he enclosed a copy of the song. It is added, by Dr Currie, that the fair heroine did not take any notice of the letter or its enclosure, and thus appears to have offended the self-love of the poet, who complains of her silence in his common-place book.

To these circumstances, which are familiar to the public from their being detailed in all the memoirs of the poet, we have to add a few particulars which may tend to satisfy any further curiosity which may be entertained on the subject.

The braes of Ballochmyle extend along the right or north bank of the Ayr, between the village of Catrine and Howford Bridge, and are situated at the distance of about two miles from Burns's farm of Moss-giel. They form the most important part of the pleasure-grounds connected with Ballochmyle House, the seat of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle. Bending in a concave form, a mixture of steep bank and precipice, clothed with the most luxuriant natural wood, while a fine river sweeps round beneath them, they form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in, during a July eve. A short while before the incident which gave rise to the song, Ballochmyle, its broad lands, and lovely braes, had been parted with, in consequence of declining circumstances, by the representative of an old and once powerful Ayrshire family, Sir John Whitefoord. Burns had sung this incident also, in a set of plaintive verses, referring to the grief of Maria Whitefoord, now Mrs Cranston, on leaving her family inheritance—

“Through faded groves Maria sang,
Herself in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.”

Caleb Whitefoord, who, if remembered for nothing else, would be immortal from Goldsmith's description of him, as “the best-natured man with the worst-natured muse,” was uncle of Sir John Whitefoord; and the family has further claims to classic distinction, in consequence of an earlier representative, Colonel Allan Whitefoord, being the real hero of the circumstances related in the novel of *Waverley*, with application to a fictitious Colonel Talbot. Ballochmyle was purchased from Sir John Whitefoord, by Claud Alexander, Esq., a gentleman of considerable fortune, whose family had been formerly possessed of property in the county of Ayr, and whose ancestors were of the Alexanders of Menstrie, (first, Barons of Menstrie, and afterwards created Earls of Stirling.)

Mr Alexander had recently taken possession of the mansion, when, one summer evening, his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, a young lady distinguished by every grace of person and mind, walking out along the braes, after dinner, encountered a plain-looking man in rustic attire, who appeared to be musing, with his shoulder placed against one of the trees. The grounds being forbidden to unauthorised strangers—the evening being far advanced—and the encounter very sudden—she was startled, but instantly recovered herself, and passed on. She thought no more of the matter till, some months after, she received a letter from Robert Burns, recalling the circumstance to her mind, and enclosing the rich descriptive stanzas just quoted. The exact or direct purpose of

this letter has been disguised wilfully or mistakingly by Dr Currie, in consequence of the omission of a concluding sentence, in which the poet requested Miss Alexander's permission to print the verses in the second edition of his poems. If we advert to a letter of about the same date, to Mrs Stewart of Stair, [No. IX. in the General Correspondence in Dr Currie's Edition,] we shall see that this was an object to which the poet attached some importance, and that he regretted the want of a friend who might have mediated with Miss Alexander for the purpose of obtaining her consent to the dissemination of the verses. Probably despairing at length of gaining his point by this delicate means, and being then on the wing either for Jamaica or Edinburgh, he seems to have ultimately made up his mind to prefer the request in a direct form. We are therefore to consider his resentment of the lady's silence as not altogether based on the supposition of her having slighted his poetical powers. Burns would probably feel chagrined at not receiving either her permission to print the poem, or a statement of reasons for the contrary, besides, perhaps experiencing some mortification under the reflection that his talents did not appear sufficient, in the eyes of this young lady, even when employed in celebrating her own charms, to entitle him to the honour of her correspondence. Miss Alexander has been blamed by various writers for her reserve; and certainly it is now to be regretted that she was not so fortunate as to cultivate the friendship of the poet. But, when the plain fact is known, all such commentaries appear vain. Burns, though he wrote poetry which no contemporary, gentle or simple, approached, was, at this time at least, locally known chiefly for an unusual share of some of the failings of humanity. His character had been reported to Miss Alexander in terms which caused her to shrink from his correspondence, and while she did not fail to appreciate the beauty of his poetry, and the value of the compliment he had paid to her, she deemed it best, both for her own sake, and for the feelings of her poetical admirer, to allow the affair to rest at the point which it had already reached.

The heroine of the braes of Ballochmyle has since displayed no imperfect sense of the honour which the genius of Burns has conferred upon her. She preserves the original manuscript of the poem and letter with the greatest care; and she some years ago pointed out, as nearly as she could recollect, the exact spot where she had met the poet, in order that it might be distinguished by an appropriate ornament in the form of a rustic grotto or moss-house. The ornamented twig-work of this rustic monument, contains some appropriate devices; and on a tablet in the back there is inscribed a fac-simile of two of the verses of the poem, as it appears in the holograph of the author. The spirit which has dictated the construction and decoration of this grot is a right one. The lord of a piece of territory may justly value its fertility, its beauty, and its importance in his rent-roll; but what character can be attached to a piece of nature's soil, compared to that which the poet can confer upon it? Burns perhaps entered these grounds without the "bauld baron's leave," and was liable at the moment to be snarled away from them by some churlish minister of the baron's pleasure; and now the noblest and the proudest

of the land will come to visit them for his sake, and deem that, rich as they are in natural loveliness, and still further beautified by all the ornament that wealth can confer, they would have been nothing more than thousands of other river sides, if *he* had not been once there, to behold, to enjoy, and to celebrate them.

GEORGE THOMSON, ESQ.

RESPECTING this distinguished friend and correspondent of Burns, the following letter will probably be satisfactory to the reader:

TRUSTEES' OFFICE, EDINBURGH, 29th March, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

"I have been favoured with your note, in regard to a work which you tell me is about to appear, relative to *the Land of Burns*, in which it is proposed to give some memoirs of the Poet's friends, and of me among the rest. To your request, that I should furnish you with a few particulars respecting my personal history, I really know not well what to say, because my life has been too unimportant to merit much notice. It is in connection with national Music and Song, and my correspondence on that subject with Burns, chiefly, that I can have any reasonable hope of being occasionally spoken of; and I presume it is chiefly on my connection with the Poet, that you wish me to speak. I shall therefore content myself with a brief Sketch of what belongs to my personal history, and then proceed to the subject of Scottish Music and Burns.

"I was born at Limekilns in Fife, about the year 1759, as I was *informed*, for I can scarce believe I am so old. My father taught a school there, and having been invited in that capacity to the town of Banff, he carried me thither in my very early years, instructed me in the elementary branches of knowledge, and sent me to learn the dead languages at what was called the grammar school. He had a hard struggle to maintain an increasing family, and, after trying some mercantile means of enlarging his income, without success, he moved with his family to Edinburgh, when I was about 17. In a short time I got into a writer to the signet's office as a clerk, and remained in that capacity with him and another W. S., till the year 1780, when, through the influence of Mr John Home, author of *Douglas*, with one of the members of the honourable Board of Trustees, I was recommended to that Board, and became their junior clerk. Not long after, upon the death of their principal clerk, I succeeded to his situation, Mr Robert Arbuthnot being then their secretary; under whom, and afterwards under Sir William, his son and successor, I have served the Board for half a century; enjoying their fullest confidence, and the entire approbation of both secretaries, whose gentlemanly manners and kind dispositions were such, (for I never



GEORGE W. BROWN, JR.

saw a frown on their brows, or heard an angry word escape from their lips,) that I can say, with heart-felt gratitude to their memory, and to all my superiors, in this the 58th year of my clerkship, that I never have felt the word servitude to mean anything in the least mortifying or unpleasant, but quite the reverse.

"In my 25th year I married Miss Miller, whose father was a Lieutenant in the 50th regiment, and her mother the daughter of a most respectable gentleman in Berwickshire, George Peter, Esq. of Chapel, and this was the wisest act of my life. She is happily still living, and has presented me with six daughters, and two sons, the elder of the two being now a Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, and the other an Assistant Commissary general.

"From my boyhood I had a passion for the sister arts of Music and Painting, which I have ever since continued to cherish, in the society of the ablest professors of both arts. Having studied the violin, it was my custom, after the hours of business, to con over our Scottish melodies, and to devour the chorusses of Handel's oratorios; in which, when performed at St Cecilia's hall, I generally took a part, along with a few other gentlemen, Mr Alexander Wight, one of the most eminent counsel at the bar, Mr Gilbert Innes of Stow, Mr John Russel, W. S., Mr John Hutton, &c., it being then not uncommon for grave amateurs to assist at the St Cecilia concerts, one of the most interesting and liberal musical institutions that ever existed in Scotland, or indeed in any country. I had so much delight in singing those matchless chorusses, and in practising the violin quartettos of Pleyel and Haydn, that it was with joy I hailed the hour when, like the young amateur in the good old Scotch song, I could hie me hame to my Cremona, and enjoy Haydn's admirable fancies.

'I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was alone
I screw'd my pegs and pleas'd myself with John o' Badenyon.'

"At the St Cecilia concerts I heard Scottish songs sung in a style of excellence far surpassing any idea which I previously had of their beauty, and that too from *Italians*, Signor Tenducci the one, and Signora Domenica Corri the other. Tenducci's 'I'll never leave thee,' and 'Braes of Ballenden,' and the Signora's 'Ewe bughts, Marion,' and 'Waly, waly,' so delighted every hearer, that in the most crowded room not a whisper was to be heard, so entirely did they rivet the attention and admiration of the audience. Tenducci's singing was full of passion, feeling, and taste; and, what we hear very rarely from singers, his articulation of the words was no less perfect than his expression of the music. It was in consequence of my hearing him and Signora Corri sing a number of our songs so charmingly, that I conceived the idea of collecting all our best melodies and songs, and of obtaining accompaniments to them worthy of their merit.

"On examining with great attention the various collections on which I could by any means lay my hands, I found them all more or less exceptionable, a sad mixture of good and evil, the pure and the impure. The melodies in general were without any symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and the accompaniments (for the piano only) meagre

and common-place:—while the verses united with the melodies were in a great many instances coarse and vulgar, the productions of a rude age, and such as could not be tolerated or sung in good society.

“Many copies of the same melody both in print and manuscript, differing more or less from each other, came under my view: and after a minute comparison of copies, and hearing them sung over and over by such of my fair friends as I knew to be most conversant with them, I chose that set or copy of each air which I found the most simple and beautiful.

“For obtaining accompaniments to the airs, and also symphonies to introduce and conclude each air—a most interesting appendage to the airs that had not before graced any of the collections—I turned my eyes first on Pleyel, whose compositions were remarkably popular and pleasing: and afterwards, when I had resolved to extend my work into a complete collection of all the airs that were worthy of preservation, I divided them in different portions, and sent them from time to time to Haydn, to Beethoven, to Weber, Hummel, &c., the greatest musicians then flourishing in Europe. These artists, to my inexpressible satisfaction, proceeded *con amore* with their respective portions of the work; and in the symphonies, *which are original and characteristic creations of their own*, as well as in their judicious and delicate accompaniments for the piano forte, and for the violin, flute, and violoncello, they exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and obtained the decided approval of the best judges. Their compositions have been pronounced by the Edinburgh Review to be wholly unrivalled for originality and beauty.

“The poetry became next the subject of my anxious consideration, and engaged me in a far more extensive correspondence than I had ever anticipated, which occupied nearly the whole of my leisure for many years. For, although a small portion of the melodies had long been united with excellent songs, yet a much greater number stood matched with such unworthy associates as to render a divorce, and a new union, absolutely necessary.

“Fortunately for the melodies, I turned my eyes towards Robert Burns, who no sooner was informed of my plan and wishes, than, with all the frankness, generosity, and enthusiasm which marked his character, he undertook to write whatever songs I wanted for my work; but in answer to my promise of remuneration, he declared, in the most emphatic terms, that he would receive nothing of the kind! He proceeded with the utmost alacrity to execute what he had undertaken, and from the year 1792, till the time of his death in 1796, I continued to receive his exquisitely beautiful compositions for the melodies I had sent him from time to time: and in order that nothing should be wanting which might suit my work, he empowered me to make use of all the other songs that he had written for Johnson’s Scots Musical Museum, &c. My work thus contains above 120 of his inimitable songs; besides many of uncommon beauty that I obtained from Thomas Campbell, Professor Smyth, Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, and other admired Poets: together with the best songs of the olden time.

• “Upon my publishing the first 25 melodies with Pleyel’s symphonies and accompani-

ments, and songs by different authors, six of Burns's songs being of the number, (and those six were all I published in his lifetime,) I, of course, sent a copy of this half volume to the Poet: and, as a mark of my gratitude for his excessive kindness, I ventured, with all possible delicacy, to send him a small pecuniary present, notwithstanding what he had said on that subject. He retained it after much hesitation, but wrote me (Letter 28, Currie's edition, vol. iv.) that, if I presumed to repeat it, he would, on the least motion of it, indignantly spurn what was past, and commence entire stranger to me.

"Who that reads the letter above referred to, and the first one which the Poet sent me, can think I have deserved the abuse which anonymous scribblers have poured upon me for not endeavouring to remunerate the Poet? If I had dared to go farther than I did, in sending him money, is it not perfectly clear that he would have deemed it an insult, and ceased to write another song for me?

"Had I been a selfish or avaricious man, I had a fair opportunity, upon the death of the Poet, to put money in my pocket; for I might then have published, for my own behoof, all the beautiful Lyrics he had written for me, the original manuscripts of which were in my possession. But instead of doing this, I was no sooner informed that the friends of the Poet's family had come to a resolution to collect his Works, and to publish them for the benefit of the family, and that they thought it of importance to include my MSS. as being likely from their number, their novelty, and beauty, to prove an attraction to subscribers, than I felt it my duty to put them at once in possession of all the songs and of the correspondence between the Poet and myself: and accordingly, through Mr John Syme of Ryedale, I transmitted the whole to Dr Currie, who had been prevailed on, immensely for the advantage of Mrs Burns and her children, to take on himself the task of editor.

"For thus surrendering the manuscripts, I received, both verbally and in writing, the warm thanks of the trustees for the family, Mr John Syme, and Mr Gilbert Burns; who considered what I had done as a fair return for the Poet's generosity of conduct to me.

"If anything more were wanting to set me right with respect to the anonymous calumnies circulated to my prejudice, in regard to the Poet, I have it in my power to refer to a most respectable testimonial, which, to my very agreeable surprise, was sent me by Professor Josiah Walker, one of the Poet's biographers: and had I not been reluctant to obtrude myself on the public, I should long since have given it publicity.—The Professor wrote me as follows: 'PERTH, 14th April, 1811. DEAR SIR,—Before I left Edinburgh I sent a copy of my account of Burns to Lord Woodhouselee; and since my return, I have had a letter from his Lordship, which, among other passages, contains one that I cannot withhold from you.' He writes thus,—'I am glad that you have embraced the occasion which lay in your way of doing full justice to Mr George Thomson, who, I agree with you in thinking, was most harshly and illiberally treated by an anonymous dull calumniator. I have always regarded Mr Thomson as a man of great worth and most respectable character: and I have every reason to believe that poor Burns felt himself as much indebted to his

good counsels and active friendship as a man, as the public is sensible he was to his good taste and judgment as a critic.' "Of the unbiased opinion of such a highly respectable gentleman and accomplished scholar as Lord Woodhouselee, I certainly feel not a little proud: it is of itself more than sufficient to silence the calumnies by which I have been assailed, first anonymously, and afterwards, to my great surprise, by some writers who might have been expected to possess sufficient judgment to see the matter in its true light.

"To ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., Waterloo Place."

To this letter of my excellent friend Mr Thomson, little can be added. His work, the labour of his lifetime, has long been held the classical depository of Scottish melody and song, and is extensively known. His own character, in the city where he has spent so many years, has ever stood high. It was scarcely necessary that Mr Thomson should enter into a defence of himself against the inconsiderate charges which have been brought against him. When Burns refused remuneration from one whom he knew to be, like himself, of the generation of Apollo rather than of Plutus, and while his musical friend was only entering upon a task the results of which no one then could tell, how can Mr Thomson be fairly blamed? If a moderate success ultimately crowned his enterprise and toil,—and the success has probably been much more moderate than Mr Thomson's assailants suppose—long after the poor bard was beyond the reach of money and all superior consolations, who can envy it, or who can say that it offers any offence to the manes of the unhappy poet? The charge was indeed never preferred but in ignorance, and would be totally unworthy of notice if ignorant parties were not still apt to be imposed upon by it.

NEW BRIG OF DOON,

WITH BURNS'S MONUMENT.

IN this print the spectator is supposed to stand on the left or south bank of the Doon, immediately below the place where the river is crossed by the road from Ayr to Maybole. The "New Bridge" is one which has been built since the time of Burns, about a hundred yards below the Old: all the other artificial objects, except Alloway Kirk, are likewise modern. The cottage between the Kirk and the Bridge is one built within the last few years, and adorned with great taste, by Mr David Auld, of Ayr. Close beside the end of the bridge is a neat inn, also erected of late years, being designed for the accommodation of parties visiting this interesting place. Directly over the bridge, the Monument raises its beautiful form—and to this object the remainder of the present article is to be devoted.

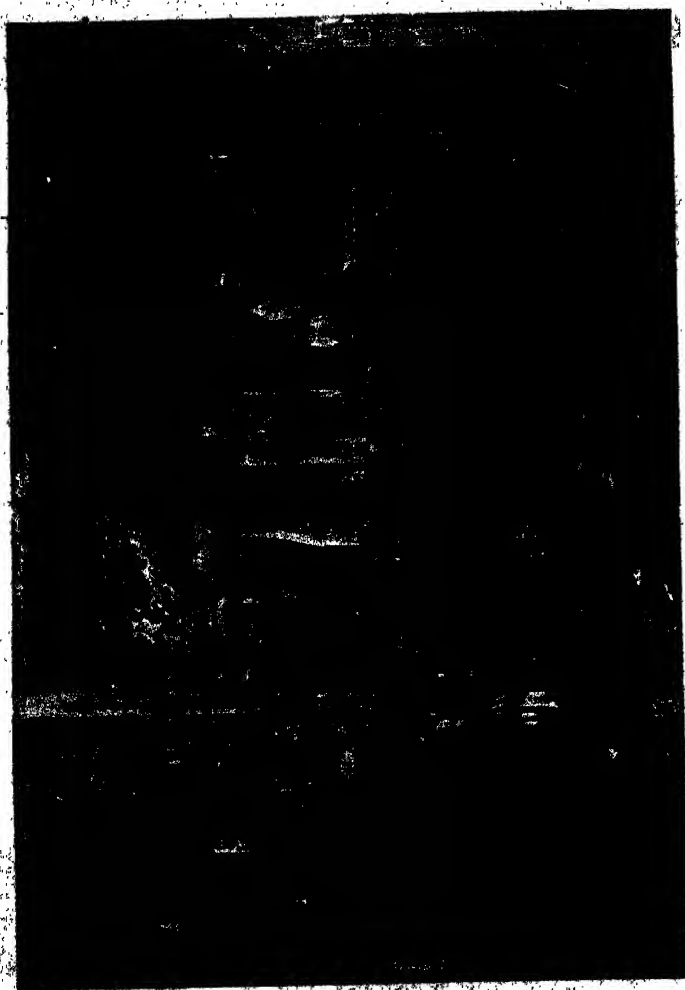
The credit of originating a monument to Burns on the spot of his birth-place, is due to the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck,—a man who will long be remembered in his own country for his social and amiable character, his lively talents, and hearty sympathy with all that concerned his country's weal, whatever may be thought of the unfortunate circumstances which brought his existence to a close. Mr Boswell, (for he had not then attained his baronetcy), in concert with one other individual, being deeply impressed with the claims of Burns upon his countrymen, ventured to call a public meeting in Ayr for a particular day, to consider the propriety of acknowledging those claims by the erection of a suitable monument. The day arrived—Mr Boswell and his friend went to the place appointed—but, to their great surprise, not a single person came to join them. To all appearance, they had miscalculated the public feeling on the subject; and, under such circumstances, the most of men would have retired from the field, and thought no more about the matter. Mr Boswell and his friend thought differently; they believed that accidental circumstances might be in a great measure the cause of the failure of the meeting—that even in Ayr there was no want of feeling on the subject—but that, should local sympathy fail, there were Scottish hearts under all latitudes which would throb at the idea of rearing a suitable mark of the fame of Burns beside the banks and braes of bonnie Doon. Accordingly, Mr Boswell was voted by his friend into the chair: a resolution to commence a subscription for the monument was moved by the same friend, and passed, we need not say, unanimously—a minute of the proceedings was drawn up and signed by the chairman; and the meeting was then dissolved. It then depended entirely on the vigour with which the resolution was advertised, and the subscription pushed, whether the monument should be reared or not. Much was done for the object in Scotland by Mr Boswell, and still more in London and in the East Indies, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir James Shaw and Mr William Fairlie, both of that city. At the beginning of 1820, the sum of £1600 was collected, and it was resolved to commence the building on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, that year.

On the appointed day, a number of masonic bodies, headed by Mr Boswell as Deputy Grand Master, marched in procession from Ayr to the place selected between the New and Old Bridges over the Doon, accompanied by a vast concourse of spectators. The foundation-stone bore a plate containing the following inscription: “By the favour of Almighty God, on the 25th day of January, A.D. MDCCCXX; of the Era of Masonry 5820, and in the sixtieth year of the reign of our beloved sovereign George the Third, His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales being Regent of the United Kingdom, and a munificent subscriber to the edifice, the Foundation-stone of this Monument, erected by public subscription in honour of the genius of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was laid by Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, M. P., Worshipful Depute Grand Master of the most ancient Mother Lodge Kilwinning, (attended by all the masonic lodges in Ayrshire), according to the ancient usages of Masonry. Thomas Hamilton, Jun., Edinburgh, architect; John Connel, Jun., builder and contractor.” An address from Mr

Boswell and a prayer from the Rev. Hamilton Paul, of Broughton, concluded this interesting rite.

The Monument was finished on the 4th of July 1823, when Mr Fullarton of Skeldon, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of free masons and subscribers, placed the tripod on the summit, and delivered an appropriate address. The building recalls the purest days of Grecian architecture. It was meant by Mr Hamilton to be in some measure a revival of the celebrated monument of Lysicrates at Athens; and it also, we believe, bears some resemblance to the church San Pietro in Mantoris at Rome. The edifice consists of a triangular basement (representative of the three divisions of Ayrshire, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham), upon which rises a circular peristyle supporting a cupola. The peristyle consists of nine pillars, representative of the number of the Muses, thirty feet in height, and of the Corinthian order. They were designed from the three remaining columns of the Comitium in the Forum at Rome. Above the cupola rises a gilt tripod, supported by three inverted dolphins,—fishes sacred to Apollo, and hence selected as ornaments proper to the monument of a poet. The whole building, the cost of which was about £2000, is sixty feet in height from the platform within the peristyle. The view embraces not only Alloway Kirk, the Old Bridge, the banks of the Doon, and other objects consecrated by the genius of the poet, but a track of country of unsurpassed beauty and richness, and one of the noblest inland seas connected with our Scottish shores. About an acre of shrubbery surrounds the Monument; and it is not unworthy of notice that the gardeners of the district, led by an admiration of the genius of their gifted countryman, assemble once every year, and give this spot a day's labour. In the interior chamber, there are exhibited several articles appropriate to the place—a copy, by Mr Steven of Edinburgh, of the original portrait of Burns by Naismyth—a range of various editions of the poet's works—a snuff-box made from the wood-work of Alloway Kirk—eight chairs made from the beam, which supported the bell in the old steeple of Ayr (the bell of "the Dungeon Clock")—and some oil illustrations of scenes in the poems of Burns. In a grotto hard by, are shown the two matchless statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, by Mr James Thom of Ayr.

Burns's Monument, beautiful in itself as an architectural object, and surrounded by so many things which a Scottish heart delights to ponder on, is a favourite place of resort for parties of pleasure of almost every kind. A Kilmarnock weaver brings his bride to it, by way of giving her a marriage jaunt. The gentry of Ayrshire bring their visitors to it, as to a place which no one would be within thirty miles of, without going to see. The trades lads of the neighbouring towns of Ayr and Maybole come to it to enjoy their weekly half holidays on the Saturday afternoons. Even the children learn to wander to "the Monument," and to point out scenes and spots, which have attained an importance in their eyes before they know for what. We have learned that, during the finer season of the year, there is a remarkable out-pouring of the "nations" of Kilmarnock to this place. They come in carts and in cars, twelve or eighteen to a party; and occasionally



no fewer than seven or eight such parties have been reckoned in a day. A gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood, one day observed an old webster lounging on the bridge, whom he believed he had seen at least twice before during that summer at the same place. He had the curiosity to inquire if he was correct, when he found that the case was as he had supposed. The weaver, being asked how he should think of coming three times over a distance of fourteen miles to visit Burns's Monument, startled the inquirer with the laconic declaration, "Man, it pays weel." It turned out that the honest man always came accompanied by a squad of sons and daughters, who were all of them employed in some departments of his business. As an inducement to industry and application, he held up before them a visit to "the Monument," which was to be at their command when they had wrought a certain quantity of work in a given time. And the old man said that "he never saw the lads and lasses, pair things, work wi' sic downright gude will, as when they had that ploy to look forward to." In all these circumstances, homely as they are in one point of view, who can fail to discern just another symptom of the influence which it is the right and privilege of genius to exercise over the human heart.

AYR—MARKET-CROSS.

THIS scene has been selected for representation as that of the opening of "Tam o' Shanter"—

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate," &c.

It is a portion of the High Street of Ayr, of more than usual width, where much marketing of various kinds is carried on, particularly the traffic in fish. There is not now any part of the burgh which bears a more antique or picturesque air. The opening of the narrow street leading to the old bridge is seen in the centre of the picture. A little to the right, is a tall narrow building, originally the mansion of Chalmers of Gadgirth, chief of the name, and latterly of Mr John Mair, schoolmaster of Ayr, distinguished as author of various school books which have long been held in esteem. The foreground of the picture is the opening of an alley called the Isle Eane, on the corner of which the artist has, without injury to the general truth of the picture, presented an object which gives both spirit and character to the scene, though in reality placed a little farther up the street—a statue of Sir William Wallace, erected in the year 1810 by a citizen of Ayr, as commemorative of the connection of that illustrious person with the town. Tradition represents the house on which the statue is in reality placed, as occupying the site of one which, in the days of Scotia's ill-requited chief, was the court-house. It is said

that, when Wallace was taken in Ayr, after killing Lord Percy's steward, he was here imprisoned in a dungeon, where low diet and a severe malady soon reduced him to such a condition, that, when the gaoler went down to bring him up for judgment, he was supposed to be dead. According to Blind Harry's narrative—

"They gart servands withouten langer feid,
With short advice, on to the wall him bare,
They cast him ower out of that baleful steid,
Of him they trowit should be nae mair remeid,
In a draff middin, where he remanit there—
His first nourice of the Newton of Ayr
Till him she come, whilk was full well of reid,
And thiggit leave away with him to fare.
Into great ire they granted her to go.
She took him up withouten wordis me,
And on a car unlikely they him cast
Attour the water led him with great wo
Till her awn house,"—

where he was revived by the milk of her daughter, and thus enabled to proceed in that remarkable course by which he "rescewit Scotland thryss."

We are informed in Livingstone's Memoirs, that at the end of the sixteenth century, when the celebrated Welsh, the son-in-law of Knox, went to officiate as minister in Ayr, these streets were frequently the scene of bloody tumults, similar to those which disgraced the streets of Edinburgh about the same time. All had their quarrels to avenge, and carried weapons wherewith to avenge them, so that a casual rencontre of hostile parties on the street was sure to lead to a conflict, in which other parties were apt to join, taking sides according to their inclinations. When Welsh heard any such broil commence, he used to put on a head-piece, and rush down into the thickest of the fight, and exert his utmost eloquence to restore peace. When he succeeded in quelling the tumult, he would call for a table, cause it to be spread on the street, and there invite the combatants to eat and drink together, and promise amity for the future. He then sung a psalm, and pronounced an exhortation, after which he allowed the crowd to disperse. By these exertions, joined to his ordinary ministrations in the pulpit, this singularly devout man is said to have effected a great improvement in the moral aspect of the town of Ayr in a very few years.

ALLOWAY KIRK.

SEVERAL centuries ago, Alloway was a separate barony and parish, had a moat* for the dispensation of justice, and a church for the services of religion: connected with the latter, there were also a manse and glebe, though the stipend of the minister was no more

* A pyramidal mount, with a level space on the summit, whereon the barons of old sat in the exercise of judgment. There are numerous specimens of these remains of antiquity in Galloway and Ayrshire.



than £32. About the end of the seventeenth century, the parish was united to that of Ayr, the stipend being divided between the ministers; and in the course of time the church, a plain small building, was allowed to go into disrepair. In the youthful days of Robert Burns, who was born about a quarter of a mile from it, Alloway kirk was a roofless ruin, surrounded by an unenclosed burial-ground, almost as much deserted by the dead as the church was by the living. It also enjoyed a high reputation as a resort of witches, and other supernatural personages, and one or two most terrific legends respecting "sights" which had been seen in it, were current. When reduced to ruin, a feeling of interest in behalf of an old familiar object began to take possession of the scattered inhabitants of the district; and William Burness, the father of the poet, in conjunction with several of his neighbours, petitioned the magistrates of Ayr for permission to protect the cemetery by a wall, designing to make that enclosure their own last resting-place. Leave being granted, the burial-ground was enclosed, but not in its original extent. When William Burness died at Lochlee, in another parish, his family, recollecting his attachment to Alloway kirk, conveyed his remains thither,—a distance of fully nine miles: it was also the wish of Robert Burns that his bones should rest in this place of sepulture, beside those of him "even whose failings leaned to virtue's side." At his death, two citizens of Ayr went to Dumfries with the design of effecting this object at their own expense, but, on arriving, they were informed by the poet's brother that preparations had already been made for laying him in St Michael's church-yard, and that it would be imprudent, for the sake of the surviving family, to disappoint the wishes of the inhabitants of Dumfries.

When Francis Grose visited Scotland in 1790, for the compilation of materials for his "Antiquities," he became acquainted with Burns at Carse-house, near Ellisland, and readily undertook, at the request of the poet, to admit Alloway kirk into his list of subjects (all unworthy as it must appear, on historic or architectural grounds, of that honour), on the simple condition that the Ayrshire bard should versify one of the superstitious legends which he had narrated respecting it, and permit the insertion of that versified legend in the book. Burns, anxious for the celebration of a spot endeared to him by so many pleasing memories, gladly yielded to the condition, and the consequence was his inimitable tale of Tam o' Shanter—wherefore, as Hugh Ainslie has said,

— "Alloway, that night ye war
Hell's place o' recreation,
Baith heezed and dignified ye mair
Then a' your consecration."

The circumstances, real and fictitious, on which the poet founded his tale, are adverted to elsewhere.

Kirk Alloway, with its burial-ground, still forms an interesting feature of that part of the environs of Ayr which includes Burns's birth-place, the brigs and braes of Doon, the Monument, and other famous objects. It has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator

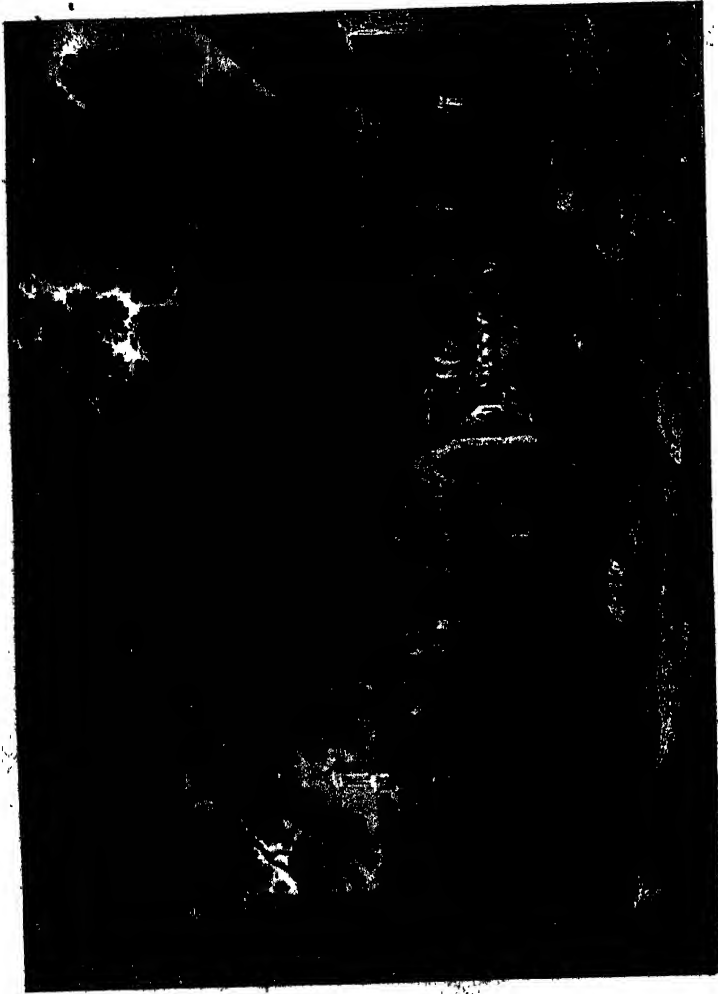
' is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The inner area is now divided by a partition wall, and one part forms the family burial-place of the late Mr Cathcart of Blairston, better known by his judicial designation of Lord Alloway. The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion, as seen in the accompanying print. Around the building are the vestiges of other openings, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Within the last few years, the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalised by genius. It is necessary for those who survey the ground with a reference to the poem, to be informed that the old road from Ayr to this spot, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one, which, nevertheless, has existed since before the time of Burns. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree inclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

"the cairn
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn,"

and immediately beyond that object is

"the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;"

(namely, a ford over a small burn which soon after joins the Doon); being two places which Tam o' Shanter is described as having passed on his solitary way. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well which trinkles down into the Doon, where formerly stood a thorn, on which an individual, called in the poem "Mungo's mother," committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk upon the west. These circumstances may here appear trivial; but it is surprising with what interest any visitor to the real scene will inquire into and behold every thing which can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of Tam o' Shanter. The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, including one to William Burness, (on the right in the print), a renewal of the original stone, which had been demolished and carried away in fragments. The churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all: for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will here soon be jostling the stunted obelisks of humble worth and noteless poverty.



“AULD BRIG” OF DOON.

IN the accompanying print, the spectator is presumed to stand on the south or Carrick side of the river Doon, looking towards the north, and commanding a considerably foreshortened view of the old-fashioned bridge of one arch which figures so conspicuously in the tale of Tam o' Shanter—

“Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone o' the brig
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they daurna cross.
But ere the keystone she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
And flew at Tam with furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
As spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail;
The carline caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.”

The old bridge, thus introduced to the notice of the public, and since visited and viewed by thousands with that peculiar interest which genius calls forth in favour of insensible matter, was, in Burns's day, and had long been, the chief communication between the districts of Kyle and Carrick, being on the highway leading from Ayr to Maybole, and nearly two miles from the former town. The age of the structure is unknown; but we may well suppose, from the appearance of the masonry, and the high sweep taken by the arch, that it is of great antiquity. Our conjectures on this subject receive a support of but little consequence, from our finding the bridge spoken of, in the history of the Kennedies, published by Mr Pitcairn, as existing at comparatively so recent a period as the beginning of the seventeenth century. “The laird of Bargany,” says this curious history, “cumis to the Brig of Done, quhair he stayit; and calling all his friendis and seruandis thair togidder, he said in this sort, ‘Sirs, I am here to protest before God, I am nocht to seek the bluid of me lord [Cassillis, with whom he was at feud, and who was waiting for him near Maybole], nor his dishonour in na sort, but ryd hame to my hous, in peace, giff he will let me. And giff me lord be to pursew me, I hoip ye will all do your dewitteis, as becumis men; and he that will not be willing to do this, for my luif and kyndness, he will either say he will tairy with me to the end, or leaff me now at this present.’ And they all answered, ‘we will all die in your defense, giff ony will pursew you.’” The remainder of the story is, that the Laird, a youth of five and twenty, was killed in an encounter with a large force under Cassillis, near Maybole. This event happened a short time before the departure of James VI. to take possession of the English throne.

The old bridge being, from its narrowness and height, not only inconvenient but difficult of passage, a new edifice, of more ample proportions, and perfectly level with the road, was latterly erected, and of which a view has been given in a preceding print. The old bridge was then left in disuse, and, if it had been a common piece of stone and lime,

It would probably have soon been reduced to a condition more picturesque than firm. The coping stones had already been thrown over into the river by unsentimental boys, and the whole edifice was, to all appearance, hastening to decay. But poetry can raise up friends even to old bridges. Mr David Auld, of Ayr, to whose public spirit and taste so much of what is pleasing in the external aspect of this part of the Land of Burns is owing, resolved to make an effort to preserve the venerable object to posterity. At his instigation, the Rev. Mr Hamilton Paul, of Broughton, editor of a collection of Burns's poetical works, wrote and forwarded to the proper quarter the following whimsical address :

" To the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the County of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.

" Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's, to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it! every tutelary power!
That guards my keystone at the midnight hour.
Forbid it, ye who, charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail,
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, 'The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop then, O stop, the more than Vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your fathers last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell,
By your decree, the ancient fabric fell.

" May it therefore please your Honours to consider this petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper for repairing; and keeping up the Old Bridge of Doon.

Signed) " _____,
For the Petitioner."

The eight or ten gentlemen, before whom this petition came, found that it was not within their powers to lay out any of the public money upon a disused road; but, amused by the manner of the document, and moved in feeling by its prayer, they instantly subscribed a sufficient sum to put the bridge into complete repair. Its further preservation may safely, we believe, be entrusted to succeeding generations.

SHANTER FARM AND BAY.

THE engraving represents a portion of the Carrick coast, between Turnberry and Colzean, in the parish of Kirkoswald, with part of the slope forming the farm of Shanter, in the middle ground. It is designed at once to gratify curiosity by showing the residence of the renowned "Fae," and to communicate some notion of a romantic district with



which Burns was familiar in early life, and the features of which, physical and moral, are understood to have had no small effect in the formation of his character. It was in his nineteenth year, (1777) while residing with his uncle, Samuel Brown, at Ballochneil, and studying geometry under Rogers, at Kirkoswald school, that Burns was introduced to the race of half farmers, half smugglers, who dwelt along the Carrick coast, of whom the gudeman of Shanter was a notable specimen. We are informed by the writer of the statistical account of the parish in Sir John Sinclair's collection, that the contraband trade was "at first carried on here from the Isle of Man, and afterwards to a considerable extent from France, Ostend, and Gottenburgh," the rude nature of the coast, and the thinness of its population, fitting it in a remarkable manner for the purpose, though no part of the shore of Britain is more dreaded by ordinary mariners, on account of its total want of sheltering inlets and harbours. The effect of such a trade upon the manners of a primitive pastoral people was most remarkable. Their simple modes of life were deranged by the occasional possession of luxuries which only the wealthy of cities usually enjoy, such as silks, teas, and the finer kinds of spirituous liquors. It is said that the family of what had once been a douce farmer, was on one occasion so much put out of its usual way by a landing of smugglers and their goods, that they were surprised one morning to find their porridge had been made with brandy, instead of the wonted lymph of the burn or well. On another occasion, after a party had been entertained for a considerable time within doors, with the best of all possible liquors, it was proposed, as the bringing of water was troublesome, that they should adjourn to the brink of the neighbouring spring from which the family was usually supplied, and there sip their punch from a bowl of nature's making. A keg of generous fluid was accordingly broached and emptied into the spring, round which the party sat for several hours, drinking the mixture out of caups and luggies, until the larger became too much for the lesser element. Once a quarter, the smugglers met the natives and other interested parties, in certain out of the way public-houses along the coast, for the purpose of squaring accounts; and on these occasions, there was always an unusual amount of festive indulgence. What with habits of nocturnal adventure, association with bold and desperate characters, and so much more than all the common convivialities of rural life, the farmers of the Carrick coast became a very peculiar set, retaining much of the external decencies of a church-frequenting people, much of the simplicity and superstition which then characterised all departments of Scottish society except the highest, and much of their primitive honesty of nature, but adding to all this, irregular, adventurous, and unsettled habits, and a love of "tipsy jest and jollity," which knew no reasonable bounds. Such was the school of life, which Burns was, if not precipitated into, at least brought in contact with, by his residence at Ballochneil. We have his own acknowledgment that it wrought some alteration in his mind and manners. "Seehes," says he, "of swaggering riot and dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble."

The part of the coast depicted in the engraving, being only about a mile from Balloch-nail, Burns unavoidably became acquainted with its inhabitants, some of whom seem to have made a deep impression on his sense of the grotesque and ludicrous. At the farm steading of Shanter, marked in the print by a sole-surviving out-house on the extreme right, lived Douglas Graham, a stout hearty fellow, addicted to smuggling, but not perhaps in so great a degree as some of his neighbours, and withal fond of a social glass, and apt to return rather late from Ayr on market nights. His wife, by name Helen M'Taggart, of old descent in the parish, was subject in an unusual degree to superstitious beliefs and fears, and used to regard her husband's late return on market nights, as not only a violation of worldly propriety, but a tempting of the evil powers of a supernatural kind, which she supposed to influence the affairs of mortals. Then, at Glenfit, near the bottom of a hollow seen in the print immediately beyond Shanter, dwelt John Davidson, a shoemaker and tanner in a small way, whose wife, Ann Gillespie, had acted as nurse to the mother of Burns, on which account there was always a friendship between the two families. John, in the language of a local poet,

" — was a gash, wee fodgey body,
 Stood on his shanks bith tight and steady,
 As gleg's a hawk, as tough's a widdy;
 Had gabby skill
 'To crack a joke wi' wlt aye ready,
 Out ower a gill."*

At Damhouse, close beside the shore, and the birth-place, it is said, of Douglas Graham, lived at the same time Hugh Brown, a miller, and eke Jock Niven, a blacksmith, a pair drouthy in right of profession, as well as by accident of personal taste, and the subjects of the well known lines—

" That ilka melder wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat rouring fou on;"—

the usual scene of their libatitns being one of those demure little public-houses which as naturally rise near a smiddy and a mill in Scotland, as the cuckoo follows the titlin. This hostilrie, we believe, still exists, and figures amongst a group of houses represented in the engraving. With reference to the habits of these four worthies, our Maybole authority says happily enough—

" Near neighbourhood right weel assisted,
 To souther friendship that consisted
 In drinking forums, when they listed
 Their placks to jingle;
 In ae short mile ilk might hae rested
 At ither's ingle.
 Gaun to the kirk, they whiles forgather'd,
 And, warslin sair wi' conscience, swither'd,
 Till wi' o'ercoming drouth sair bother'd,
 The bell's last croon,
 Gat them in Kirkton Jean's† fast tether'd,
 A' snugly down."

Here, we suppose, to drink "till Monday."

* See a small publication, entitled "The Real Souter Jemmale," a poem, with Explanatory Notes. Maybole, M. Porteous. 1834.

† Kirkton Jean, (properly Jean Kennedy) was a woman of no vulgar extract or repute, who, in consequence of reduced circumstances, kept a tavern at Kirkoswald. In this village, called the Kirk-town, as the seat of the parochial place of worship, her residence is still pointed out, under the appellation of "the Lady's House."

The identity of Graham with Tam o' Shanter has been the subject of some doubt, in consequence of the *pretensions* of one Thomas Reid, a labourer, to this somewhat dubious honour. But the point has been settled by Mr John Smith of Swinridge Muir, who, in a letter of date January 13, 1829, addressed to Mr David Auld, states that he recollects meeting Burns at the house of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, when the poem being read in manuscript, and the question being afterwards put, who was the person represented by "Tam," the answer given by the poet was, "who could it be but the gude-man o' Shanter—a man well acquainted with the freaks and pranks of the infernal crew?" And, says Mr Smith, "in the course of conversation, I found this person to be Douglas Graham."

In Mr Cromeek's collection, there is a letter by Burns to Captain Grose, communicating a series of witch-stories respecting Alloway Kirk, one of which must be considered as in some measure the ground-work of the poem. It describes a Carrick farmer going home late from Ayr market, and witnessing a dance of witches in the deserted church, one having a smock of somewhat scanty proportions. On his crying "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark," the whole legion sallied out upon him, and just as he was passing along the bridge on his retreat, one of the hags seized the tail of his mare, which came away in her hand, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning. The unsightly tailless condition of the poor animal proved to the latest day of its life, "an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets."

Apparently, this story was a mixture of Carrick recollections, some of which had been very faithfully impressed on the poet's mind. At least, we are led to this conclusion, as the only one by which we can reconcile the story with an extended detail of circumstances which has been handed down in the parish of Kirkoswald by a credible series of witnesses since the period of Burns's residence there, and which here follows: One day, when the scholars of Kirkoswald had been favoured with a holiday, Burns went upon a fishing excursion with a few of the natives, including John Niven, the son of Mr Niven of Ballochneil, and his own bedfellow. While they were out at sea, the wind rose, and gave token of an approaching tempest, which made the company very uneasy, and alarmed even the men who were accustomed to fish those seas. The young poet rallied them on their fears, and said he would stay where he was, while it blew off shore, although it should "blaw the horns aff the kye." They made nevertheless for the shore, and landed at the Maiden Heads, two large rocks which rise upon the beach near the farm of Shanter. As they proceeded homeward, the storm rose to its height, accompanied by thunder and deluges of rain. They therefore took shelter in Shanter farm-house, where they found that the goodman was absent at Ayr market. Kate received them frankly, and in the course of conversation launched forth into a lament about the habits of her husband, his toping with the miller, smith, and souter, and his late hame-comings from market, prophesying that

"—— late or soon,
He wad be found deep drowned in Doon."

Amongst other things, she spoke of Alloway Kirk, which she said he dreaded to pass at night, and yet he never on that account took care to come home an hour earlier. The poet and his friends staid with her till twelve o'clock, and then left her, still waiting, a waeifu' woman, for the return of her husband.

The visits of Graham to Ayr were more frequent than those of his neighbours, in consequence of his supplying malt to a great number of public houses in that burgh, and on the road to it, it being then the custom for every person who sold ale to make the liquor at home. It was the business of the gudeman of Shanter to go there once a-week, not "on Monanday," like the mautman of old Scottish song, but on Friday, the market-day of the burgh. His friend Davidson, dabbling a little, as has been stated, in the business of a tanner, had wares to dispose of and money to gather on the same day and in the same place; so the two would proceed to town together. As Graham had to call for liquor at every customer's house, by way of showing respect and gratitude, he had much more of that commodity at his disposal than he chose to make use of himself; and he was accordingly very glad when the Souter or any other friend went in with him to partake of it. There was a particular taverner in Ayr, one Benjie Graham, a Carrick man, and possibly tracing some *Scotch* kindred to the gudeman of Shanter, who was always very hospitable to the pair, usually pressing them to dine at his own table. Animated by a due sense of Benjie's kindness, Douglas Graham and John Davidson resolved to give him a treat in return, and it was on a New Year's Night that it came off. Graham on this occasion went beyond all former excesses, and, riding home at a late or perhaps rather an early hour, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, his bonnet with the bank-notes he had that day drawn in the market laid into the flap of it, was blown off, as he was riding over Brown Carrick Hill, and carried he knew not where. With just sufficient sense to observe the place where this incident had occurred, he rode home, where he had of course to stand a strict investigation before his wife. To excuse a late return was usually no easy matter; but on the present occasion, he had also to apologise for the absence of his bonnet and its precious contents. The only expedient he could devise was to forge something that might be expected to pass with his wife, whom he knew to be credulous in at least one direction. He therefore trumped up a story of his having seen a dance of witches and warlocks in Alloway Kirk, of having been pursued by them to the Bridge of Doon, and of having there escaped from them only with the loss of his bonnet. There was little peace between the good couple for that night. Early in the morning, after awaking from a brief sleep, Graham was visited with a painful recollection of his loss, and rising from his bed, immediately set out on his good mare, to reconnoitre the road before many people should be stirring. On returning to the spot, and searching well in all directions, he found the bonnet lying in a plantation by the wayside, with the money undiminished within it.

At the next quarterly meeting for settlement of smuggling accounts, the story of the bonnet and the alleged vision of witches at Alloway Kirk were brought up against



Graham, and made the subject of endless merriment. Burns, whose mind was prepared for the humour by his recollection of the complaints of the gudewife of Shanter, was present on this occasion, and must doubtless have greatly enjoyed the joke. It was probably now that he learned the particulars given in his own prose version of the adventure, which he seems to have regarded as one which Graham actually supposed to have happened.* It is not unworthy of observation, that the poet, who was now studying Carrick life and character to such purpose, was regarded by the Grahams and Davidsons of the district as a heavy, sulky sort of fellow. No glimpse of the poet, either in his comic or pensive character, was revealed to them.

In the foreground of the print, the artist has introduced an assemblage of smugglers waiting with horses for the landing of goods from a lugger seen approaching the coast. Amongst these, Burns is represented on foot, in the act of conversing with a mounted figure, designed for Douglas Graham. The meeting takes place beside a tall, upright, unhewn stone, one of those monuments of early warriors so common in Scotland, and which is still to be seen upon the ground. Another memorial of aboriginal times and usages is seen in the middle ground near the site of Shanter farm. It is a *moot hill*, or artificial mount for the dispensation of justice, similar to one which has already been spoken of as existing near Alloway Kirk. The phrase, a *moot point in law*, still keeps in memory the cause of the appellation bestowed on these mounts. The chief of the district there sate, at particular times, to give judgment both in civil and criminal cases. It is said that the Moot of Shanter was used till a comparatively recent period, when the court of the bailliery of Carrick was transferred to Maybole.

MRS DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

MR GILBERT BURNS, in a letter to Dr Currie, written near the close of the last century, has given an account of the acquaintance which subsisted for several years between this lady and the bard of Coila. "Of all the friendships," he says, "which Robert acquired in Ayrshire or elsewhere, none seemed more agreeable to him than that of Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop. * * He was on the point of setting out for Edinburgh, before Mrs Dunlop had heard of him. About the time of his publishing in Kilmarnock, she had been afflicted with a long and severe illness, which had reduced her mind to the most distressing state

* One other circumstance of an actual nature has been remembered by tradition as likely to have been in the mind of Burns while composing his poetical tale: Graham had, it seems, a good grey mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where, contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long, that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of the animal's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in, crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath, to the agency of witches. This anecdote might be also drawn up against Graham at the quarterly meeting above-mentioned, and was probably what suggested the *eastlytrophe* of the affair of Alloway Kirk.

of depression. In this situation, a copy of the poems was laid on her table by a friend, and, happening to open on the *Otter's Saturday Night*, she read it over with the greatest pleasure and surprise: the poet's description of the simple cottagers, operating on her mind like the charm of a powerful exorcist, expelling the demon *ennui*, and restoring her to her wonted inward harmony and satisfaction. Mrs Dunlop sent off an express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen miles, with a very obliging letter to my brother, desiring him to send half a dozen copies of his poems, if he had them to spare, and begging he would do her the pleasure of calling at Dunlop House as soon as convenient. This was the beginning of a correspondence which ended only with the poet's life. The last use he made of his pen was writing a short letter to this lady a few days before his death."

Dr Currie adds: "The friendship of Mrs Dunlop was of particular value to Burns. This lady, daughter and sole heiress to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and lineal descendant of the illustrious Wallace, the first of Scottish warriors, possesses the qualities of mind suited to her high lineage. Preserving, in the decline of life, the generous affections of youth; her admiration of the poet was now converted into a sincere admiration of the man; which pursued him in after life through good and evil report; in poverty, in sickness, and in sorrow; and which is continued to his infant family, now deprived of their parent."

These paragraphs, together with the numerous letters of the poet to Mrs Dunlop, published by Dr Currie and Mr Cormek, place the relation which subsisted between them in a sufficiently clear light. Here, therefore, we might stop, if it were not likely that, on the presentation of Mrs Dunlop's portrait, some particulars more expressly referring to herself might be expected.

Frances Wallace, the only daughter and ultimately the heiress of Sir Thomas Wallace, Baronet, of Craigie, in Ayrshire, was born about the year 1731, and at the age of seventeen became the wife of John Dunlop, Esquire, of Dunlop, in the same county. The statement of Dr Currie respecting the descent of the family of Craigie from the immortal defender of Scottish independence is not, we believe, strictly correct, although no doubt is entertained that the race are descended from the father of the hero.* The family of Dunlop is traced back to the year 1260, as the possessors of the estate in Cunningham, from which they take their name. Although Mrs Dunlop brought into her husband's family a very large fortune, together with the mansion of Craigie, beautifully situated on the Ayr, she was content to spend the whole of her married and dowager life, with the exception of occasional visits, in retirement at Dunlop. She there became the mother of five sons and five daughters, all of whom, except one, survived her. Her eldest son succeeded, under the name of Sir Thomas Wallace, to her paternal estate of Craigie, which, however, is not now the property of the family. Mr Dunlop settled his own estate upon the second son, James Dunlop, a Lieutenant-General in the army, and at one time

* The writer of the present memoir once casually saw the late General Dunlop, son of Mrs Dunlop, without knowing who he was, and was struck by his resemblance to the common prints of Sir William Wallace. He was of course not a little surprised on learning that it was General Dunlop of Dunlop. In this circumstance, which he is convinced was attended with no delusion on his own part, he cannot help seeing both a curious illustration of a natural truth, and some support of the authenticity of the portrait of Wallace.

representative of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in parliament, whose son, John Dunlop of Dunlop, is now (1838) member for Ayrshire. Mrs Dunlop died, May 24, 1815, at the ripe age of eighty-four.

Without the least tincture of the pretension and parade which too often distinguish literary ladies, Mrs Dunlop was a woman of highly cultivated understanding,—fond of books and extensively acquainted with them, and also disposed to be the kind and zealous friend of their authors. The fact that Burns's letters to her, are decidedly more natural and every way pleasing than those addressed to other correspondents, is strikingly indicative of something much above all that is common in Mrs Dunlop. While she treated him with uniform affability and kindness, there was an unaffected dignity in her whole character, which seems to have at once exercised a salutary restraint over him, and raised his mind, when in communication with hers, to the exercise of its best powers. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the basis of their friendship was laid in their common possession of the generous affections to which Dr Currie alludes. The mind of Mrs Dunlop, overflowing with benevolent feelings, delighted in those fine emotions of the Ayrshire poet which found expression in the verses to a Mouse, the stanzas on a Winter Night, and the noble poem which first attracted her attention to him. Burns, on the other hand, glowed at finding, in the heretrix of ancient family and historical honours, a heart as warm and philanthropic as his own.

The writer has been informed, by a lady to whom Mrs Dunlop herself mentioned the fact, that she never felt displeased with Burns but once. On a visit at Dunlop, he asked her advice respecting his going into the excise,—a step of which she decidedly disapproved. He argued the point with her very strenuously for some time; but at last, finding that he could not prevail upon her to look favourably on the scheme, he confessed that further discussion was vain, as he had his commission in his pocket. She could not help expressing some resentment; but soon forgave a mode of procedure only too characteristic of those who ask for advice.

After the death of Burns, Mrs Dunlop paid a visit to Dr Currie at Liverpool, in order to consult with him respecting the publication of the poet's works. Dr Currie had already perused a parcel of her letters to Burns, which he had found amongst the poet's papers; and he expressed an anxious wish that she would allow of their publication, in connection with those of Burns to herself. But Mrs Dunlop entertained an unsurmountable repugnance to all public appearances, and notwithstanding Dr Currie's assurances of the value of her compositions, both on their own account, and as rendering Burns's letters the more intelligible, she positively refused to allow them to see the light. She concluded her interview with the learned editor, by half jestingly *purchasing back* her letters from him one by one, laying down a letter of Burns for each of her own, till she had obtained the whole; and she then returned satisfied to Dunlop. It is believed that these letters still exist; but her family feel that they would not be fulfilling her wishes, if they were to allow them to come before the world.

TURNBERRY AND DUNURE CASTLES.

THESE relics of ancient times are not alluded to by name in the writings of Burns. They are introduced here upon a cumulative principle, as indirectly glanced at in several of his poems, and as characteristic features of that land identified with his genius. Turnberry, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of his nineteenth summer, was more especially the place

" Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear ;"

While Dunure and Turnberry, with Colzean Castle, may be held as perhaps the three most striking points of that terrible "Carrick shore," alluded to in "Tam o' Shanter" as the scene of frequent shipwrecks through the machinations, as was supposed, of a supernatural personage. We might further, without much license of interpretation, suppose these scenes to have been in the poet's mind when he depicted the mantle of Coila, albeit they are not in the district superintended by that fair genius—

" By stately tower and palace fair,
And ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
With feature stern."

TURNBERRY, spelt in old writings *Turnbiri*, *Tornbery*, and *Turnbyrri*, was, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the principal house in Carrick, and the seat of a powerful race of native chiefs, derived from Fergus lord of Galloway, and designated Earls of Carrick, who possessed the supreme influence in this mountainous region previous to the rise of the Kennedies. The castle was situated on a rock at the extremity of a low peninsula, within the parish of Kirkoswald. The sea raged in front at the base of the rock, and even found its way, by a creek, into the interior of the fortress. Behind, the low territory just mentioned formed a pleasant domain, on which rose a small town, long since obliterated from the soil. The castle itself occupied about three-fourths of a *Scottish* acre, and must have been originally an impressive structure, especially seen from the sea; but only a few feet of the walls now remain.

The family of Bruce became connected with this castle and the district of Carrick by an incident which forcibly recalls the days of chivalry. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, the earldom had descended to a female, whose name is variously given as Margaret and Martha, and who married a gentleman named Adam de Kinconath. In 1268, this gentleman went to the Holy Land under the banners of Louis IX. of France, and died at Acre in Palestine, in 1270. In the ensuing year, a young knight, who had also been in Palestine, by name Robert Bruce, the son of the Lord of Annandale, was riding through the domains of Turnberry Castle, the residence of the widowed countess, who had now



Fig. 100

Fig. 101

become a ward of the crown. According to the graceful narrative of Mr Tytler—"The noble baron, if we may believe an old historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any design of throwing himself in the way of the heiress of Carrick; and indeed any such idea in those days of jealous wardship would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce as he pursued his way through the forest, alone and unarmed. The knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants: and the countess herself, riding up, and with gentle violence taking hold of his horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he ran, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. The hero remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately espousing the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or of any of her relations. Alexander III., however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on payment of a large feudal fine extended his forgiveness to Bruce."*

The knight consequently became Earl of Carrick, and proprietor of large domains in the district. The eldest son of the marriage was Robert Bruce, subsequently Earl of Carrick, and ultimately King of Scotland. The second was Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, crowned King of Ireland in 1316. Three other sons and seven daughters sprung from this romantic union.

The latter Robert Bruce, who, if not born in Turnberry Castle, must have spent many of his youthful years in it,—when unsuccessful in his first attempts at establishing himself on the Scottish throne, and forced to take refuge in the isles, here, early in 1307, renewed his gallant efforts, under circumstances which have conferred much interest on this ancient ruin. From the island of Arran, on the opposite side of the Firth of Clyde, where he was stationed with a few hundred followers, he dispatched a trusty servant, named Cuthbert, to Carrick, to inquire into the state of the country, and ascertain the likelihood of success, and with instructions to light a fire on a point near Turnberry, as a signal for Bruce and his little army to come over, in the event of his finding that step to be advisable. Cuthbert found the country in a most unpromising state, the castle of Turnberry being in possession of a large English garrison, and the people afraid to make any movement; and he was preparing to return to Arran, when a fire accidentally lighted near the appointed spot caused the king to take shipping, and cross the sea to Carrick. Cuthbert, who had observed the fire and anticipated the result, met his royal master on the shore, to warn him to return; but Bruce, notwithstanding all discouragements, determined to proceed with the enterprise. It was night when he landed, and

Before morning he made an attack upon the hamlet adjacent to the castle, where about two hundred English, taken by surprise, were put to the sword almost without resistance. He did not venture to attack the castle; but neither did its commander, Lord Percy, deem it prudent to sally out upon the invading party. Bruce therefore was able to draw his rents from his lands, and both to increase his army by fresh levies, and to improve its condition, until the approach of a large English host for the succour of Percy, obliged him to withdraw to the mountains. Good fortune did not immediately bless his exertions for the liberation of Scotland, and the establishment of his throne; but after this time he never left the country, or ceased to war with the English, until both these objects were secured.

Turnberry is not clearly shown, by any authentic documents, to have been further connected with the history of Bruce; but there can be no doubt that it continued to be his own peculiar property, and, excepting perhaps some intervals, that of his descendants, until the latter part of the fifteenth century. The figure which his Carrick tenantry made at the battle of Bannockburn is well known. It is here of importance to observe that Turnberry is recognised in those early times by the alternative appellation of the palace of Carrick, and is the place referred to in public documents of more recent date under that name. "Carrick" (meaning Turnberry) is still enumerated amongst the royal palaces of Scotland, the Duke of Argyll having the honorary office of its heritable keeper. It is now the property of the Marquis of Ailsa.

DUNURE, situated a few miles to the north of Turnberry, and not far from the efflux of the Doon, appears to have been the first mansion of any consequence possessed by the family of Kennedy, whose early generations, down to their attaining the honours of the peerage about 1452, were all styled "of Dunure." It now appears as a tall empty tower, occupying one of the pinnacles of a ruggedly rocky and unpeopled coast, and a striking monument of the days when men of power were glad to pitch their residence in any situation, however desolate, which might promise more than the usual advantage over, or refuge from, the fellow-creatures with whom they lived in a state of perpetual warfare. We attach the more romantic ideas to this

— "ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea,"

when we recollect the half-savage circumstances in which the Kennedies lived down to a period when the rest of southern Scotland was comparatively civilised. This castle was indeed, in 1570, the scene of a transaction more strikingly characteristic of the mediæval history of Carrick and its barbarous barons than almost any other that could be selected.

Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis, according to an old family chronicler, "was ane particular manne, and ane verrey greidye manne, and cairitt nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samyn." This precious worthy, having a mind to obtain feus of the abbey lands of Glenluce, caused a monk to counterfeit the hand-writing of the recently



• 1. 10. 1942. 10. 1942.

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deceased abbot for that purpose, after which, to conceal the forgery, he caused one of his retainers to kill the monk,—after which, to conceal this second and greater crime, he caused his brother to accuse the murderer of theft and get him put to death. He had been in terms for a similar feu of the lands of Crossraguel, with his relation, the abbot Quentin Kennedy, when that individual was killed in the wars between the adherents of Mary and those of her son James. The succeeding abbot, by name Allan Stewart, refusing to complete the favourable bargain, Cassillis inveigled him to Maybole, near which town he beset him with a band of followers, and took him into honourable captivity. The Earl then conveyed the abbot to his lonely sea-tower of Dunure, when he entertained him courteously for three days, endeavouring to prevail upon him to surrender his lands. Finding at length all gentle means to be vain, he caused his guest to be carried by his baker, cook, pantryman, and other servants, to a separate part of the castle, known by the ominous name of the *Black Vault* (vault) of *Dunure*, where there was little furniture besides a large fire grate,—the Earl himself and his brother following, in order to try, as an old historian has it, “gif a collatione could work that which neither dennor nor supper could doe of a long time.” To pursue the horribly minute narrative of this writer,*—“The first cours was, ‘My lord Abbot (said the Erle,) it will pleis you confess heir, that with your awin consent you remane in my company, becaus ye darre not committ you to the hands of othisis.’ The abbot answered, ‘Wald ye, my lord, that I shuld mak a manifest leising, for your pleasour? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am heir; neither yet have I ony pleasour in your company.’ ‘But ye sall remane with me at this time,’ said the Erle. ‘I am not able to resist your will and pleasour,’ said the abbot, ‘in this place.’ ‘Ye maun then obey me!’ said the Erle. And with that were presentit unto him certane letteris to subscryve, amonges which there was a five-yeare tack and a 19 yeare tack, and a charter of feu of all the lands of Croceraguall, with all the clauses necessarie. * * * Efter that the Erle espyed repugnance, and that he could not cum to his purpose be fair means, he commandit his cookis to prepare the banquet. And so first they fled the scheip, that is, they took off the abbotis cleathes, ewin to his skyn; and nixt they band him to the chimlay, his leggis to the one end and his armes to the other; and so they began to bait the fyre, sometymes to his bottocks, sometymes to his leggis, sometymes to his shulderis and armes. And that the rost suld not burne, but that it might rost in soppe, they spared not flambing with oyle. (Lord luik thou to sic creweltie!) And that the crying of the miserable man suld not be hard, they closed his mouth, that the voyce might be stopped. In that torment they held the poor man, whyle that oftymes he cryed ‘for Godis sake to dispatch him; for he had alsmeikle gold in his awin purse as wald bye poulder aneuch, to shorten his paine.’ The famous king of Carrick [a nickname for the Earl] and his cookes, perceaving the rost to be aneuch, commandit it to be tane fra the fyre, and the Erle himself began the grace in this manner. ‘*Benedicite Jesu Maria!*’ you are the most obstinit man that ever I saw! Gif I had

* Richard Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox. Vide Dalryell's Illustrations of Scottish History.

knowne that ye had bene so stubborne, I wolde not for a thousand crownis hav handled you so! I never did so to man, befor you."

A narrative of the sufferer himself states that he submitted to the Earl's will in order to be relieved, and subscribed the tacks and charter; "which beand done, the said Erle caused the said tormentoris of me swear, upon ane Byble, never to reveill ane word of this my unmerciful handling, to ony person or persones." This happened on the 1st of September: on the 7th, not being satisfied with the validity of the subscriptions already obtained, the Earl came to the abbot and requested him to sign once more before notary and witnesses, which the latter refused. "And therefore he, as of before, band me, and put me to the same manner of tormenting, and I said, notwithstanding, 'He suld first get my lyfe, or ever I agreed to his desyre;' and being in so grit paine as I trust never man was in with his lyfe, I cryed, 'Fye upon you! will ye ding whingaris* in me, and put me off this world! or else put a barrell of poulder under me, rather nor be demaned in this unmerciful manner!' The said Erle, hearing me cry, bade his servant Alexander Ritchard put ane serviat† in my throat, which he obeyed; the same being performed at xi houris in the nyght; wha then seeing that I was in danger of my life, my flesh consumed and brunt to the bones, and that I wald not condescend to their purpose, I was relievit of that paine, wheirthrow I will never be able nor weill in my lifetime."

A rumour of this barbarous affair having gone abroad, the laird of Bargany, a high baron of the house of Kennedy, but no friend to Cassillis, gathered a host with which he attacked Dunure and relieved the Abbot. In the ensuing April we find that unfortunate titular addressing to the Privy Council a recital of the cruelties practised on him, and a complaint that Cassillis had taken possession of his lands. The government was then much too weak to have any power of redress, and the result was that the Earl maintained possession of the rich domains of Crossraguel, and handed them down to his posterity, granting only a small pension to Stewart, for his life.

Dunure Castle, which has been in ruins since the seventeenth century, now gives a territorial designation to a branch of the family of Kennedy, the present representative of which is T. F. Kennedy, Esq. of Dunure, formerly representative in parliament of the Ayr district of burghs.

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

WHEN Burns, in the course of his tour of the north of Scotland, September, 1787, arrived at Aberdeen, he was introduced to a son of the Rev. John Skinner,—a name endeared to him from its connexion with what he perhaps venerated above all earthly

* Hangers or swords.

† Serviette, table napkin.



things—SCOTTISH SONG. Mr Skinner, the pastor of a numerous flock of Scottish Episcopalians at Longside, near Peterhead, was the author of the excellent popular song to the tune of *Tullochgorum*, the *Ewie wi the Crooked Horn*, *John of Badenyon*, and some others greatly in vogue, and which display all the spirit of the olden muse of Scotland. To Burns these were verses as familiar as household words, and, when he learned that he had passed within a few miles of the residence of their author, he expressed the greatest regret for not having been aware of the circumstance, as he would have willingly gone twenty out of his way to see him. His regrets were mentioned to the venerable poet, and the consequence was an affectionate and complimentary correspondence between him and Burns, part of which has been published by Dr Currie, and the remainder by Mr Cromek.*

Mr Skinner was born at Balfour, Aberdeenshire, in October, 1721, where, under his father, then schoolmaster of the parish of Birse, he, at a very early period, displayed an uncommon genius, particularly for acquiring the knowledge of the Latin language. Having finished his academical courses at Marischal college, Aberdeen, he soon after became assistant to the schoolmaster of Monymusk. Here it was that, enjoying in the house of Monymusk every advantage for prosecuting his studies and improving his mind in the attainment of useful learning, together with the benefit of reading under the direction of a worthy Episcopal clergyman in that neighbourhood, he became a convert to the principles of Episcopacy, and united himself to the venerable remains of the old established church of Scotland. In 1740, when nineteen years of age, he went to Shetland, to act as preceptor in the family of Mr Sinclair of Houss and Scalloway, where he remained about two years. Already he had commenced acquaintance with the muses, and on the death of his employer in 1741, he embalmed his memory in an elegy, at the same time composing for him a Latin epitaph of such elegance and purity as to command the admiration of the learned Ruddiman.† The only Episcopal clergyman in this remote region was a Mr Hunter, a venerable and modest man, of whose condition we acquire some idea from his memorandum-book, still preserved at Scalloway, in which he mentions, year after year, the receipt of about five pounds as the “*encouragement*” (the word was used in no ironical sense) which was extended to him by his poor and scattered flock. Mr Skinner married the daughter of this truly primitive apostle, and, in 1742, on his return to Aberdeen, entered into holy orders, and became the pastor of Longside.

For the ensuing sixty-five years, Mr Skinner spent a laborious life in the pastoral charge of a numerous congregation, answering, almost literally, to Goldsmith’s description of the village preacher,—

“ A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e’er had chang’d—nor wish’d to change his place.”

* In a publication entitled, “*Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical Observations, &c.* By Robert Burns; Edited by H. R. Cromek. 2 vols., London, 1810.”

† No copy of these compositions was known to exist till August, 1837, when Mr John R. Skinner, W. S., Edinburgh, nephew of the author, chancing to visit Scalloway, discovered one in the possession of the existing proprietor, which he has printed privately.

Those who become acquainted with the apostolic church of Scotland through the medium of the handsome fanes which she has reared of late years in the principal towns, know in general little of the humble circumstances in which she exists in the various rural districts, where a remnant of her communion has been left. Mr Skinner's parsonage at Linshart, in the neighbourhood of the village of Longside, was simply a thatched cottage of the usual appearance. The fire-places, according to the usage of Buchan, contained no grates,—the fires, composed of peats, were kindled on the hearth. So lately as 1826, when the present writer visited the house, and found it occupied by Mr Skinner's grandson and successor, the Rev. Mr Cumming, it remained in this condition,—a striking and even affecting memorial, not only of the poet, but of the depressed Christian body to which he belonged. The bed and other chief articles of furniture were the same which had served Mr Skinner during his long tenancy of the house; and the walls were still ornamented with a set of family portraits, in chalk, the work of some wandering artist. It may be mentioned that the portrait representing himself, in that set, has furnished the basis of the present likeness, which is the only one ever published, and is allowed by his surviving friends to be a faithful representation.

The early part of Mr Skinner's career was chequered by evils much more severe than any which could arise from limited resources and a humble home. Although he was not personally a friend of the house of Stuart, he could not help being involved in the persecution which the unhappy insurrection of 1745–6 brought upon the Scottish episcopal communion. A military party came to his house when his wife was on child-bed, turned his family to the door, took away every thing that was valuable, or which could be conveniently carried, and demolished the little chapel in which he officiated. On one occasion, he was seized, and imprisoned in the jail of Aberdeen, for no other offence than that of preaching to more than four persons. During this residence in a common jail, and suffering all the hardships of a close confinement, next to a humble trust in the Divine goodness, his chief resource lay in the conversation of a few worthy friends, at the hours when they were allowed to visit him, and in the liberal supply of books which they had the means of procuring for him. These were his constant companions when all others were excluded; and he has been often heard to say, that no six months of his life ever passed away with so little interruption to his studies as the term of his legal imprisonment. The activity of his mind seemed to increase in proportion to his want of bodily exercise: and though he amused himself now and then with some lighter productions of a poetical turn; yet the general bent of his thoughts lay towards more grave and serious subjects, and he even employed himself, with philosophic tranquillity, in writing a treatise on the Hebrew Shechinah. For many years, in consequence of the severity of the statutes against Episcopacy in Scotland, he was obliged either to officiate to his congregation in *fours*, or to take four within doors, and allow the rest to overhear him, as they best might, through the open doors and windows.

The following extract, from the biographical memoir prefixed to the posthumous edition

of his works, conveys a delightful picture of the simplicity of his professional life:—
 “Would the reader therefore wish to see that reciprocally genuine attachment and regard, which ought to subsist between the christian pastor, and his flock, happily exemplified, he must be introduced to an Easter-day scene, in the humble Linshart Parsonage. Aware of the length of the sacred service on that solemn occasion, and many of them residing at such a distance, as to prevent them getting any refreshment at home, the good people of the congregation never failed, during the preceding week, to pour in upon the much loved Spouse of their venerable Pastor, such a quantity of provisions, as employed the house-maids for several days in preparing for the expected guests. And no sooner was the Morning Service of the festal day concluded, than every room in the house was filled with people from the chapel, to all of whom, without distinction, the utmost attention was shown, and plain, substantial fare of every kind distributed by two or more persons, in each apartment, whose office it was to see that every one of them did take a little. At this sober and serious entertainment, it is needless to say, what mutual love and harmony prevailed; and in what veneration all present seemed to hold the occasion of their thus assembling, as well as the worthy pair, under whose roof they were assembled! The countenance of the entertainer, when with brimful eyes he went from room to room, welcoming his people, and wishing them all the spiritual comforts of the season, bespoke him to have ‘put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, and that charity, which is the very bond of perfectness.’ The countenances of the entertained showed, that, from his ‘ruling well, and labouring in the word and doctrine, they accounted their pastor worthy of double honour:’ while both, when studied, as they deserved, would have served to melt the stony heart of unbelief, and to convey to the heavenly-minded christian a foretaste of that harmony, benevolence, piety, gratitude, and mutual love and esteem, which shall one day be found to pervade ‘the general assembly, and church of the first-born.’”

Long before the close of his own professional career, his eldest son had become the bishop of his diocese, and a son of that gentleman had also taken holy orders. On one occasion, the three—grandfather, father, and son—officiated together in the chapel at Longside. Mr Skinner lost his wife in 1799, and when his son some years after met a similar misfortune, it was proposed that the old man should withdraw from the scene of his duties, and spend the remainder of his days with his son at Aberdeen. Accordingly, in June, 1807, he bade a tearful adieu to a flock over which he had presided for the greater part of a century, and which did not contain one individual whom he had not baptized. But the term of his life was approaching, and on the 16th of the same month he gently expired in his chair, after dining happily with three generations of his descendants.

He was buried at Longside, where a handsome monument has been erected to him. His miscellaneous works, including a variety of poems and songs, in Scotch, English, and Latin, were soon after published. He was also the author of an Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, and of various theological works, one of which attracted the praise of Bishop Sherlock.

SCENE ON THE GIRVAN.

BURNS, in one of his songs, has this verse,—

“ Now bank an’ brae are clath’d in green,
An’ scatter’d cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan’s fairy-haunted stream
The birdies sit on wanton wing.”

The epithet is no more than due to this beautiful vale, which intersects the brown region of Carrick like a green silken baldrick over a russet dress. In some vales, as those of the Clyde and the Ayr, there is such an extent of scarcely sloping country that the eye does not recognise them as vales at all. But the vale of the Girvan is one of that comparative narrowness, which comes before the eye at once as what it is. From the village of Girvan, where it falls into the Frith of Clyde, upwards by Dailly, Dalquharran, and Kilkerran, to Blairquhan, it is one uninterrupted scene of beauty, consisting of bold woody slopes, green holms, and hazel-embowcred banks, under which the stream steals along in glancing rapids, or in dark foam-mottled pools. A view, taken in the park of Blairquhan, the seat of Sir David Hunter Blair, Baronet, has been selected as a characteristic specimen of this fine region, the pride of southern Ayrshire.

TARBOLTON.

BURNS became connected with the parish of Tarbolton, in his nineteenth year* (Whitsunday, 1777), when his father removed from the farm of Mount Oliphant to that of Lochlea. The latter farm, where the family continued for six and a half years, being in the parish of Tarbolton, the village of the same name was to him, during all that time, a place of great importance; the resort on Sundays for attendance on public worship, on other days for business or for convivial enjoyments; the scene of his chief loves and friendships; in short, the centre of the little social vortex in which he moved.

In the latter part of the year 1780, when in his twenty-second year, he established in this village the *Bachelors’ Club*, consisting of himself, his brother, and other five young men, and the object of which was to hold monthly meetings for mental improvement, by means of a debate on some particular subject, in which all could take an interest. David Sillar, and four or five others, were afterwards added to this fraternity, which met in a humble public house, and was limited, in the matter of liquor, to an expenditure of three-pence each. The house, and two members of the club, Messrs Wright and M’Gavin,

* The period of his life, when this event took place, has been strangely misstated, Gilbert Burns making it his *seventeenth*, and Mr Lockhart his *sixteenth* year.





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were still in existence at Tarbolton, when the present writer visited the place in October, 1837. Mr Sillar thus speaks of Burns at this period of his life:—"His social disposition easily procured him acquaintance; but a certain satirical seasoning with which he and all poetical geniuses are in some degree influenced, while it set the rustic circle in a roar, was not unaccompanied by its kindred attendant, suspicious fear. I recollect hearing his neighbours observe, he had a great deal to say for himself, but that they suspected his principles. He wore the only tied hair in the parish; and in the church, his plaid, which was of a particular colour, I think fillemot, he wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders. These surmises, and his exterior, had a magnetical influence on my curiosity.

* * * After the commencement of my acquaintance with the bard, we frequently met upon Sundays, at church, when, between sermons, instead of going with our friends, or our lasses, to the inn, we often took a walk in the fields. In these walks, I have frequently been struck by his facility in addressing the fair sex: many times, when I have been bashfully anxious how to express myself, he would have entered into conversation with them with the greatest ease and freedom; and it was generally a deathblow to our conversation, however agreeable, to meet a female acquaintance. Some of the few opportunities of a noontide walk that a country life affords her laborious sons, he spent on the banks of the river [Ayr], or in the woods, in the neighbourhood of Stair, a situation peculiarly adapted to the genius of a rural bard. Some book he always carried and read, when not otherwise employed."

At a somewhat later period, probably after returning from his disastrous residence at Irvine (early in 1782), he became a member of the St James's Lodge of Tarbolton, a masonic fraternity which still exists, though in a decayed condition. Our artist has very properly animated his view of the principal street of the village by a procession of this lodge. Burns entered into free-masonry with all the enthusiasm which might have been expected from his social and philanthropic character. When the writer was at Tarbolton, at the time above referred to, he was favoured with a sight of the minute-book of the lodge, which he found to bear many conspicuous traces of this enthusiasm. The attendance of the poet appears to have been very constant, even after he had gone to Mossiel, four miles distant; and such was his zeal for proselytising, that he would hold lodges at Mauchline, and even in his own house, for the purpose of admitting new members. At the meeting of July 27, 1784, he appears for the first time as Deputy Master, in which capacity he signs the minutes for several subsequent years—as *Burness*, till March 1, 1786, after which the name appears contracted into the form in which it is now known all over the world. The attendance of Professor Dugald Stewart is noted on one or two occasions. The lodge had its annual procession on the 24th of June, the day of the Nativity of St John the Baptist; and the anxiety of Burns to have it properly attended in 1786, is evinced by a versified note which he sent on that occasion to his friend, Mr John Mackenzie, surgeon, Mauchline, who had sometime before expressed a fear lest his duty to his patients should prevent his being present.

"Friday first's the day appointed,
 By our right worshipful anointed,
 To hold our grand procession;
 To get a blad of Johnnie's morals,
 And taste a swatch of Manson's barrels,
 I' the way of our profession.
 The Master and the Brotherhood
 Would a' be glad to see you;
 For me, I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin',
 Inform him and storn him
 That Saturday you'll fecht him.

MOSSGIEL, }
 An. M. 1790. }

(Signed) ROBERT BURNS."

"The phrase, *Johnnie's morals*," says Dr Mackenzie, in enclosing this relic of Burns for the author, "originated from some correspondence Burns and I had on the origin of morals; and *Manson's barrels*, to the small beer of a very superior kind which the brethren got from their landlord at dinner." "Manson's," where the lodge then assembled, is a small one-story house, of two rooms, adjoining to the back of that in which the Bachelors' Club used to meet: it is not now a tavern. The author, on being conducted to it, could not view, without strange feelings, the little stifling cottage-room in which a brotherhood containing such men as Robert Burns and Dugald Stewart had met to profess the maxims of a boundless philanthropy—the place where the poet of human nature had taken that tearful farewell of his companions—

"Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu,
 Dear brethren of the mystic tie—"

when he conceived himself doomed to seek for the support of life on a strand where the life of another day is but the toss of a dip. The books contain no notice of the farewell of Right-worshipful Deputy-master Burns; but John Lees, an aged shoemaker, informed the writer of these pages that he recollected it well. Burns came in buckskin breeks, out of which he would always pull the other shilling for the other bowl, till it was five in the morning. "An awfu' night that!"

When, after all, his destination became changed from Jamaica for the Scottish metropolis, Burns not the less kept in mind the endeared brotherhood at "Manson's." Unfortunately, the lodge has allowed many of his letters to escape them; but they still retain one, of which the following is a copy:—

"MEN AND BRETHREN,

"I am truly sorry it is not in my power to be at your quarterly meeting. If I must be absent in body, believe me I shall be present in spirit. I suppose those who owe us monies, by bill or otherwise, will appear, I mean those we summoned. If you please, I wish you would delay prosecuting defaulters till I come home. The court is up and I will be home before it sits down. In the meantime, to take a note of

who appear and who do not of our faulty debtors, will be right, in my humble opinion, and those who confess debt and crave delay, I think we should spare them.

“Farewell.

“Within your dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withering envy ne’er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

(Signed)

“ROBERT BURNS.

“EDINBURGH, 23d August, 1787.”

The last entries of his name in the books are in May, 1788, when he attended two meetings at Tarbolton. He was then about to commence a settled matrimonial life at Ellisland.

The chief poem of Burns, with which Tarbolton is particularly associated, is “Death and Doctor Hornbook.” J. W., the schoolmaster, whose power in argumentation provoked him to this effusion of comic fancy, lived in a house, which does not now exist, in front of the church,—not the steepled edifice seen in the print, but an old one which stood on the same spot. A certain lass, introduced rather unceremoniously into the poem, is said to have been an inmate of the Crown Inn, a pretty large building on the opposite side of the street. The scene of the supposed rencontre of the poet with the spectral foe of mortal life is at the east end of the village, on the road to Mossiel.

“I was come round about the hill,
And toddling in by Willie’s mill,
Setting my staff wi’ a my skill,” &c.

This was the mill of Tarbolton, situated on the Faile, about two hundred yards east of the village—then in the occupancy of William Muir, a friend of the Burns family, and hence called by the term used in the above verses. “The hill” is a remarkable mount, bearing on its summit traces of early fortification, and probably the origin of the name of the village—Tor-Beltein, the woody hill of the fire of Baal. The village is a purely agricultural one, neatly built, containing a population of about fourteen hundred souls, and situated at the distance of nine miles from Ayr. But every consideration respecting it sinks beneath the recollection of the man who has said, that he “felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe.”

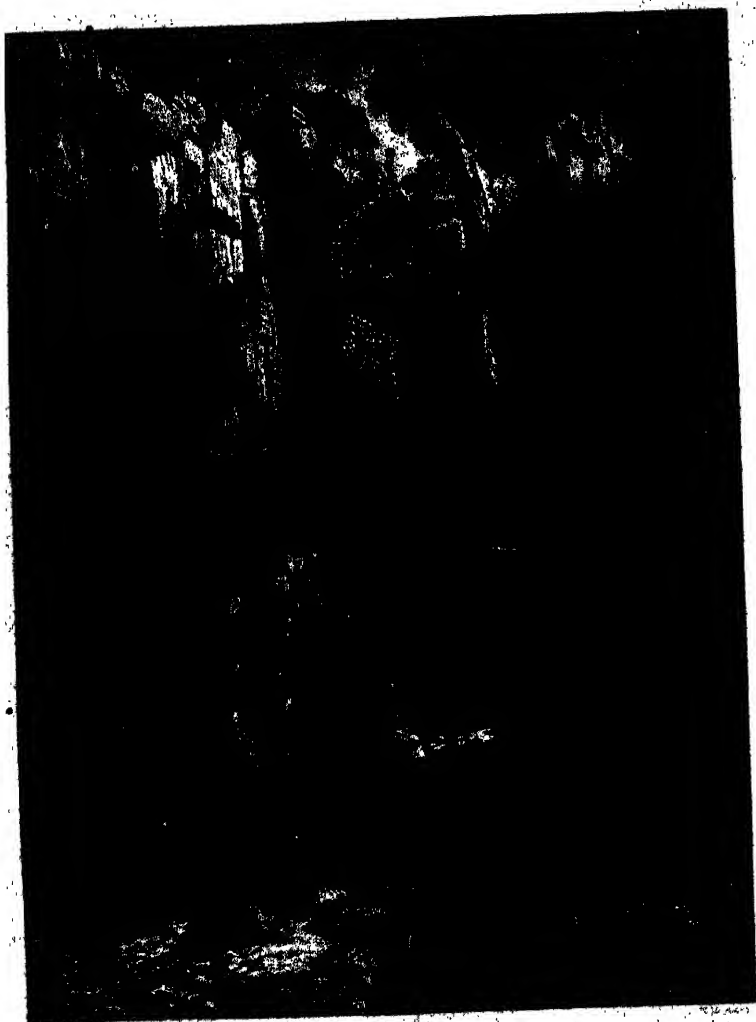
MRS BURNS AND HER GRANDCHILD.

WE have here, from the delicate pencil of Samuel Mackenzie, S.A., what the present writer can testify to be a very faithful likeness of the widow of Burns in latter life, together with a portrait of one of his descendants, the child of his son, Captain James Glencairn Burns, of the East India Company's service. It is a trying situation for a face which has been so much celebrated; yet who would not rather see the lineaments of that face, altered as they are by age, than hear of the muse of so much fine poetry going from earth altogether undepicted?

An obituary notice of Mrs Burns, by Mr M'Diarmid, of Dumfries, informs us that she was born in the year 1765, and was consequently six years younger than her distinguished husband. She was the daughter of a respectable mason in the village of Mauchline, who had other children. She was just twenty when Burns became acquainted with her, a blooming girl of handsome figure, and amiable temper, the best dancer in the district, and as light-hearted "as ony lammie on the lea." The particulars of her history, about this period, are already well known. Her regular matrimonial life commenced at Ellisland in November, 1788, previous to which period she had twice borne twins to the poet, though all the infants were not then living. Five children, born subsequently, one of them on the day of their father's funeral, completed her family, of which, however, only three individuals reached maturity—Robert, William, and the James Glencairn above-mentioned. A public subscription, the profits of the poet's works, and the kindness of several friends, enabled the widow of the poet to rear her family in the house which he had occupied at Dumfries; but her income, we are informed, never exceeded sixty pounds per annum, until the year 1818, when the good fortune and liberality of her children greatly increased it, and enabled her to spend the remainder of her days in comparative affluence. She survived her husband nearly thirty-eight years, and died of paralysis, on the 26th of March, 1834, in the 70th year of her age.

In Dumfries, and wherever she was known, the character of Mrs Burns was much respected. Without natural pretension to any superiority over the ordinary matrons around her, she had the merit of remaining quite unaffected by those circumstances in her situation which were accidental and extraordinary. She was simply a modest, kind-natured woman, nor could those who approached her in the absurd expectation of finding some lofty poetical character, be altogether disappointed when they became acquainted with her genuine worth and good sense. According to the report of Mr M'Diarmid, who had ample opportunities of judging, as he had known her intimately for many years—"Hers was one of those well-balanced minds, which cling instinctively to propriety and a medium in all things; and such as knew the deceased, earliest and latest, were unconscious of any change in her demeanour and habits, excepting, perhaps, greater attention





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to dress, and more refinement of manner, insensibly acquired by frequent intercourse with families of the first respectability. In her tastes, she was frugal, simple, and pure; and delighted in music, pictures, and flowers. In spring and summer, it was impossible to pass her windows without being struck with the beauty of the floral treasures they contained; and if extravagant in any thing, it was in the article of roots and plants of the finest sorts. Fond of the society of young people, she mingled as long as able in their innocent pleasures, and cheerfully filled for them the cup 'which cheers but not inebriates.' Although neither a sentimentalist nor a 'blue stocking,' she was a clever woman, possessed great shrewdness, discriminated character admirably, and frequently made very pithy remarks. * * * In ballad poetry her taste was good, and her range of reading rather extensive.* Her memory, too, was strong, and she could quote when she chose at considerable length, and with great aptitude. Of these powers the bard was so well aware that he read to her almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed to own that he had profited by her judgment. In fact, none save relations, neighbours, and friends, could form a proper estimate of the character of Mrs Burns. In the presence of strangers she was shy and silent, and required to be drawn out, or, as some would say, shown off to advantage, by persons who possessed her confidence, and knew her intimately."

The remains of Mrs Burns were interred in the mausoleum in St Michael's churchyard, beside those of her husband, with many marks of respect, the funeral being attended by the magistrates in their public capacity, and by many gentlemen of local distinction.

SCENE ON THE DOON.

NEAR ITS SOURCE.

THE Doon, probably the best known stream of its size in western Europe, takes its rise in a lake of the same name, about eight miles in length, which lies imbedded amidst a savage wilderness of moor and mountain, at the junction of the counties of Ayr and Kirkcudbright. Throughout a course of eighteen miles, which intervene between the lake and the sea, it forms a boundary between the hilly district of Carrick, and the comparatively level region of Kyle. The scenery on the river, immediately after issuing from the lake, is remarkably woody and picturesque, as may be seen from the accompanying specimen; and is a favourite holiday resort of the inhabitants of the county. It is particularly beautiful in the grounds connected with the mansion of Barbeth, the seat of Colonel M^r Adam Cathcart, of Craighengillan.

* Burns speaks of the "native wood notes wild" of his wife; and we are informed by the above writer that her voice ascended with ease to B natural

Formerly, the river issued from the lake by a precipice of twenty feet in height, forming a fine cataract. Now, it evades this fall by two artificial sluices, which were designed to reduce the waters of the lake, with the view of recovering some of the ground which it covered,—a transaction which has diminished the extent and beauty of the lake, abolished the waterfall, and given only some useless stony acres to the authors of the scheme. Nevertheless, there is still much to interest the imagination in this lonely mountain lake, and in the rough sylvan glen through which its waters, for some space, force their way. After passing Dalmellington, the river is for some miles very tame; but when it approaches Dalrymple, it again becomes picturesque and interesting, which characters it retains throughout the remainder of its course, by Blairston, Doonholm, and Kirk Alloway, till it falls into the sea near the Heads of Ayr.

Loch Doon is remarkable for the ruins of an ancient castle of considerable strength, the remains of which may be seen on a small island near its upper or southern extremity. We have no doubt that the name of the lake, and consequently of the river—a name so endearingly treasured up in so many imaginations—arose from the castle, *Dun* (pronounced *Doon*) being the general appellation of such a fortress in the ancient Gaelic of the district. The castle of Lochdoon figured in the Bruce wars. When king Robert was defeated at Methven, June, 1306, his faithful friend and brother-in-law, Sir Chrystal Seton, took refuge in this secluded fortress, then in the keeping of Arthur, a relative of Sir Gilbert de Carrick, the progenitor of the family of Kennedy. The castle being surrendered by Arthur, Sir Chrystal was taken, and ruthlessly put to death, by command of king Edward, at Dumfries. It was a powerful fortress for its time, being of a huge twelve-sided figure, and protected not only by the waters of the lake, but by the wildness of the country around. Tradition represents it as having been possessed by Edward Bruce, the king's heroic brother, who on one occasion issued from it with a thousand men, and, passing along the *red road* by Kingswell to Strangashiel, attacked a party of English at Raploch-moss, and overthrew them with great slaughter. Fordun states, that, in 1333, when Edward III. had nearly re-completed the subjugation of Scotland, one of the few places of strength which held out against him was "the fortalice of Lochdoon, then called the Peel, the keeper of which was a brave man of common rank, named John Thomson." Lord Hailes conjectures that this was the same John Thomson who led the Carrick men in the army of Edward Bruce in Ireland, and who, after the overthrow and death of that prince at Dundalk, conducted the remains of his forces into the north of Ireland. Till a recent period, a large portion of this remote insular fortress was entire, and it contained a magnificent staircase of seventy steps. Its dilapidation is chiefly attributable to the bad taste of a late proprietor, who used its stones for the purpose of building a shooting-lodge—a lodge, after all, found too cold to be inhabited. Some years ago, opposite to the grand entrance of Loch Doon Castle, there were found, at the bottom of the loch, seven ancient boats or canoes, hewn out of solid oak, and twenty-four feet long by four broad; in one of which were a battle-axe and war-club, both apparently of great antiquity.



KILMARNOCK, FROM A SPOT NEAR RICCARTON.

KILMARNOCK, the principal seat of population in the county of Ayr, and one of the most active and successful of the manufacturing towns of Scotland, is connected with the history of Burns—from whose residence at Mossgiel it is twelve miles distant—by its being the scene alluded to in one of his principal satirical poems, the residence of his sporting hero *Tam Samson*, and the place where his poems were first printed.

Erected, in 1591, into a burgh of barony, under the family of Boyd, subsequently earls of Kilmarnock—whose chief residence, named Dean Castle, is in the neighbourhood—this town was distinguished early in the seventeenth century for efforts of a humble kind in the woollen manufacture. In the days of Burns, the making of blue bonnets for the peasantry, of carpets, and of boots and shoes, was practised in it to a considerable extent, which will enable the reader to comprehend the more obscure than elegant distich with which the poem of the *Ordination* commences. The town then consisted chiefly of a cluster of mean streets and lanes, the houses of which were small, and mostly covered with thatch; the population was not much above 3,000, and the carpet-weaving brought about £20,000 annually into the place. Now, Kilmarnock is a large and elegantly built town, of above 22,000 inhabitants, carrying on the carpet manufacture to the amount of about £150,000 annually, and the manufacture of shawls to the amount, for the same period, of about £200,000,* while the trade in leather and its manufactured products has also made a steady advance. Kilmarnock was also raised, by the Act of 1833, to the deserved rank of a parliamentary burgh of the first class, divided, for municipal purposes, into five wards, managed by a council of sixteen members, and taking the lead in a group of towns (inclusive of Port-Glasgow, Dumbarton, Renfrew, and Rutherglen); by which a member is sent to the House of Commons. Being situated in the centre of a rich and populous tract of country, it enjoys, besides all its manufacturing celebrity, a large retail trade; while the misfortune of inland locality, if a misfortune it be, is counteracted by a railway, connecting it with the excellent harbour of Troon on the west coast. It is not unworthy of notice, as indicative of the enterprising spirit of the place, that Kilmarnock was the first town in Scotland, after Edinburgh and Glasgow, to introduce a general lighting by means of coal-gas. Two weekly newspapers are published at Kilmarnock.

To quote the words of a local correspondent—"The rare merit of Burns was first discovered and patronised by some of the more affluent citizens of Kilmarnock. Messrs Muir and Parker, merchants, Mr Brown, manufacturer, Mr Samson, seed merchant, and a few others, were the first individuals who made the poet acquainted with a society superior to the humble rustic class amongst whom he had been reared. Several of his humorous and

* These sums were the result of calculations formed in 1832.

satirical pieces were originated at the tables of those gentlemen, some of them altogether composed in their houses; and, through their assistance and countenance [mainly], his poems were, in 1786, first printed in a house at the cross here, by Mr John Wilson, whom the poet has immortalised under the title of *Wee Johnnie*, some difference having arisen betwixt them, probably regarding the 'consideration' for his work, a matter about which Mr Wilson was known to be very particular."

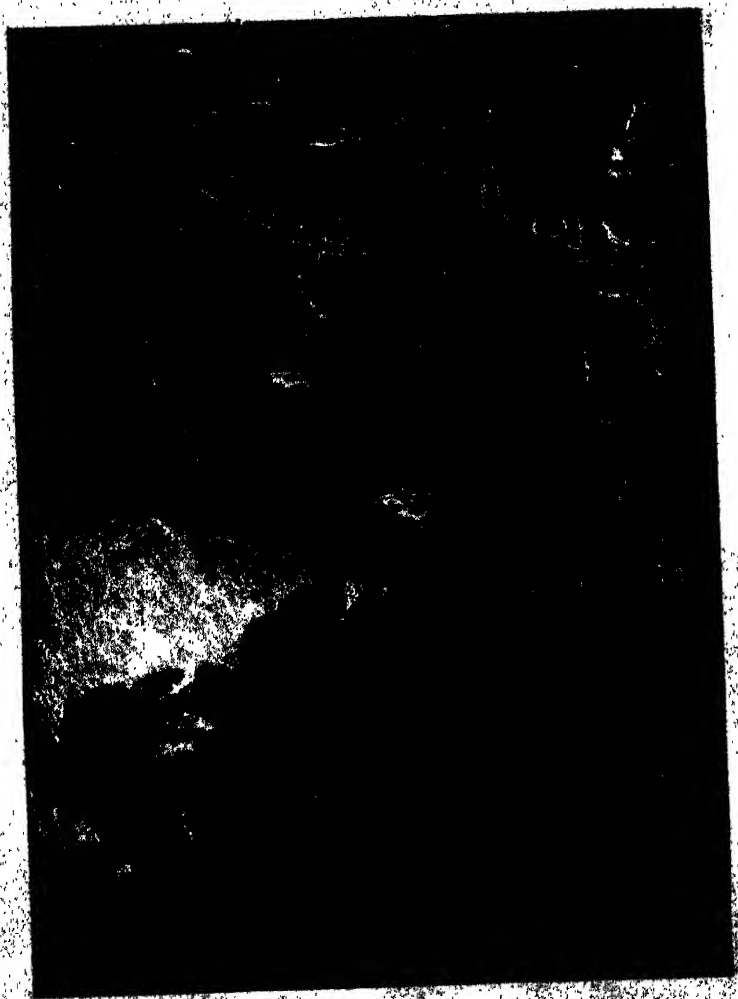
The Fenwick water, on the banks of which Kilmarnock is situated, joins the Irvine about a mile below. Near the spot of their junction, and on the south side of the Irvine, lies the parish village of Riccarton, the church of which makes a conspicuous appearance for many miles around. Riccarton is understood to derive its name from Sir Richard Wallace, brother to the father of the immortal saviour of Scottish independence, whose property lay in this neighbourhood. The castle of Craigie, the chief seat of the Wallaces, still stands, a gaunt ruin, amidst the moorish high grounds between Kilmarnock and Ayr. Another house of the family, close beside the village of Riccarton, has disappeared, and the site is understood to be now occupied by the farm-steading of Yardsides. In the accompanying engraving, Yardsides is placed in the foreground, to the left, and the green is appropriately occupied by a set of boys engaged in the game of *the Scots and the English*. According to Blind Harry, William Wallace was sent to reside quietly here with his uncle, Sir Richard, in order to elude the vengeance of the English for his first outrage, the killing of Selby at Dundee, when the following adventure took place, being the second in which he proved his remarkable bodily prowess. We somewhat modernise the spelling of the blind minstrel.

* *

"So on a time he desired to play,
In April the three and twentieth day.
To Irvine water, fish to take, he went,
His fantasy fell in his intent.
To lead his net a child forth with him gae;
But he, ere noon, was in a fellon dread.
His sword he left—so did he never again—
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as then he was not aie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantlie.
Ere of the day ten hours could pass,
Riding there came near by where Wallace was,
The lord Percy, was captain then of Ayr,
Fra hyme he turned, and could to Glasgow fair.
Part of the court * had Wallace' labour seen
Till him rade five, clad into *ganand* green.

* *

Wallace meekly again answer him gave,
'It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Wealth should be dealt in all place with free heart.'
He bade his child give them of our wathing.
The Southron said, 'As now of thy delying
We will not take; you wald give us ower small.
He lichtit down, and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then, 'Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charitie.
An aged knight serves our lady to-day;
Good friend, leave part, and take not all away.'



'You sall have leave to fah, and take you mae;
 All these forsooth sall in our sitting gae.
 We serve a lord; this fah sall till him gang.
 Wallace answered, 'You are in the wrang.'
 'Wham does you, Scot? ig faith you 'serves a blaw.'
 Till him he ran, and out a sword did draw.
 William was was he had mae wappins there,
 But the pout-staek, the whilk in hand he bare.
 Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took
 With mae gude will, while off his feet he shook.
 The sword flew frae him, a fur-breid on the land.
 Wallace was glad, and Aynf it soon in hand,
 And with the sword an awkward stralk him gave,
 Under the hat, the craig,† in sunder drave.
 By that, the lave‡ lichtit about Wallace;
 He had no help, but only Goddis grace.
 On either side full fast on him they dang.
 Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
 Upon the head in great ire he strake ane;
 The shearing sword glade to the collar bane.
 Another on th' arm he hit so hardily,
 While hand and sword baith on the field did lie.
 The other twa fled to their horse again;
 He stickit him was last upon the plain.
 Three slew he there, twa fled, with all their might,
 After their lord, but he was out of sight."

The scene of this gallant encounter is pointed out by tradition on the Monksholm, by Irvine water, about half a mile to the west of Yardsides.

SCENE ON THE LUGAR.

THE *Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn*, it will be recollected, opens thus:—

"The wind blew hollow from the hills;
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the yellow fading woods
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
 "Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.
 "He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years
 His locks were bleached white wi' time!
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!" &c.

As the nobleman here alluded to was not particularly connected with the district pervaded by the Lugar, and as, at the time of his death (January, 1792), the poet was residing in Dumfriesshire, we are to consider the scene of the poem as probably adopted under the influence of whim—or that as many of the Ayrshire streams as possible might be sung in verse, according to the wish expressed in the Epistle to William Simpson, of Ochiltree:—

* Deserve a blow.

† Neck.

‡ Rest.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

"Ramsey an' famous Ferguson,
 Gled Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
 Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Naebody sings.

"Th' Illiesus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
 • But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best."

The artist has nevertheless judged it proper, and rightly so, to bring before the world a beautiful and striking scene on the Lugar, which must have been familiar to Burns, and which he probably had in his mental eye when he composed the fine poem, so honourable to his own, as well as his patron's character.

The Lugar is a tributary of the Ayr, which, as elsewhere mentioned, it joins a little above old Barskimming bridge. Like its principal, it pursues its way for some miles through a deep chasm in the red sandstone which forms the basis of the district. The scene selected is in the grounds connected with the mansion of Auchinleck, the seat of a family whose name has become familiar in our literature. The ruin on a pinnacle near the centre of the picture is that of the original and very ancient castle of the Auchinlecks, and afterwards of the Boswells of Auchinleck, which Johnson describes in his *Journey to the Western Islands*. "I was," says he, "less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion, than with the sullen dignity of the old castle. I clambered with Mr Boswell among the ruins, which afford striking images of ancient life. It is, like other castles, built on a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently surrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the draw-bridge, when it was let down, is said to have reached." On the opposite bank, not above two hundred yards from this castle, there was another fortalice, denominated Ochiltree castle, of which it is now just barely possible to trace a few mound-like remains amongst the brush-wood. It was of the proprietor of this castle—Sir Richard Colville—that Johnson tells the story following upon the above passage of his work. A quarrel having taken place between these near neighbours, Colville was at last provoked (anno 1448) to attack and kill Auchinleck in his castle; whereupon the famous William Earl of Douglas, whose dependant Auchinleck was, stormed Ochiltree castle, took it, and put to death all whom he found in it above the age of puberty. This transaction, being of some importance from its connection with other events, is fully related in Buchanan's history.

The banks of the Lugar are beautifully ornamented by wood, the planting of which, as we are informed by Johnson, was begun by Lord Auchinleck, the father of James Boswell. A few hundred yards below the site of Ochiltree castle, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, which aids in the picturesque character of the scenery—namely, a tall detached mass of sandstone, which springs from the bed of the river, and is partly clothed with shrubs. Bearing some resemblance to a piece of ruined masonry, it is recognised by the country people under the name of *Kemp's castle*,—Kemp, we believe, meaning *giant*.



Auchinleck is now the property of Sir James Boswell, Baronet, grandson of the biographer of Johnson.

ELIZABETH BURNET.

AMONG the eminent literary and philosophical personages who befriended Burns on his arrival in Edinburgh, was the kind and hospitable, though eccentric, James Burnet, author of the treatise on the Origin of Languages, and a judge of the supreme civil court of Scotland, under the designation of Lord Monboddo. This aged scholar, who had entertained Johnson and Boswell, at his country seat in Kincardineshire, on their journey to the north, was accustomed, at his house in Edinburgh,* to give suppers to the learned, in a style resembling that which obtained amongst the enlightened friends of Augustus. Burns, though the most unsuitable of guests for a classic feast, had no sooner arrived in Edinburgh than he was welcomed to these entertainments.

Lord Monboddo had at this time a second and sole unmarried daughter, who is described by all who recollect her, as the most perfectly beautiful creature that human imagination could conceive. Some time before Burns was known out of Ayrshire, a certain Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven "broken men" who had protected Prince Charles Stuart in 1746, was brought in extreme old age to see and be seen by several Jacobite friends in the Scottish capital, and, like many strangers of different descriptions, he was taken to the hospitable evening table of Monboddo. He sat silent in a sort of stupor for the most part of the night; but when at length the company rose to withdraw, and his conductor asked what he thought of Miss Burnet, he burst out with an exclamation, in his own language, to the effect that "she was the finest *animal* he had ever set eyes on,"—an odd phrase to an English ear, but which, if we reflect on its comprehensiveness, will appear as no common mark of admiration, especially coming as it did from a perfectly untutored, though not vulgar mind. The impressions of Burns we can learn from the verse and prose he has left behind him. In his *Address to Edinburgh*, he thus alludes to Miss Burnet:—

"Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the glided summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine!"

"There has not," he says, in a letter enclosing a manuscript copy of this poem to a country friend, "been anything nearly like her [Miss Burnet] in all the combinations of beauty,

* In St John Street, Canongate, the house marked No. 13.

‘grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed, since Milton’s Eve on the first day of her existence.”

This lovely apparition was truly

- Sent

To be a moment’s ornament.

Consumption terminated her days, at Braid Farm, near Edinburgh, on the 17th of June, 1790. According to an elegant contemporary, Miss Burnet was “endowed with all her father’s benevolence of temper, and with all his taste for elegant literature, without his whim or caprice. It was her chief delight to be the nurse and companion of his declining age. It is supposed she was the person who is elegantly praised in one of the papers of the *Mirror*, as rejecting the most flattering and advantageous opportunities of settlement in marriage, that she might amuse a father’s loneliness, nurse the sickly infirmity of his age, and cheer him with all the tender cares of filial affection. Her presence contributed to draw around him, in his house, and at his table, all that was truly respectable among the youth of his country. She delighted in literary conversation, in poetry, and in the fine arts; without contracting from this taste any of that pedantic self-conceit and affectation which usually characterise literary ladies.” Burns, who could never have forgot so admirable a creature as Miss Burnet, testified the depth of his feelings on the occasion of her death by the following elegy, written at Ellisland:—

“ Life ne’er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph’d in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

“ Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.”

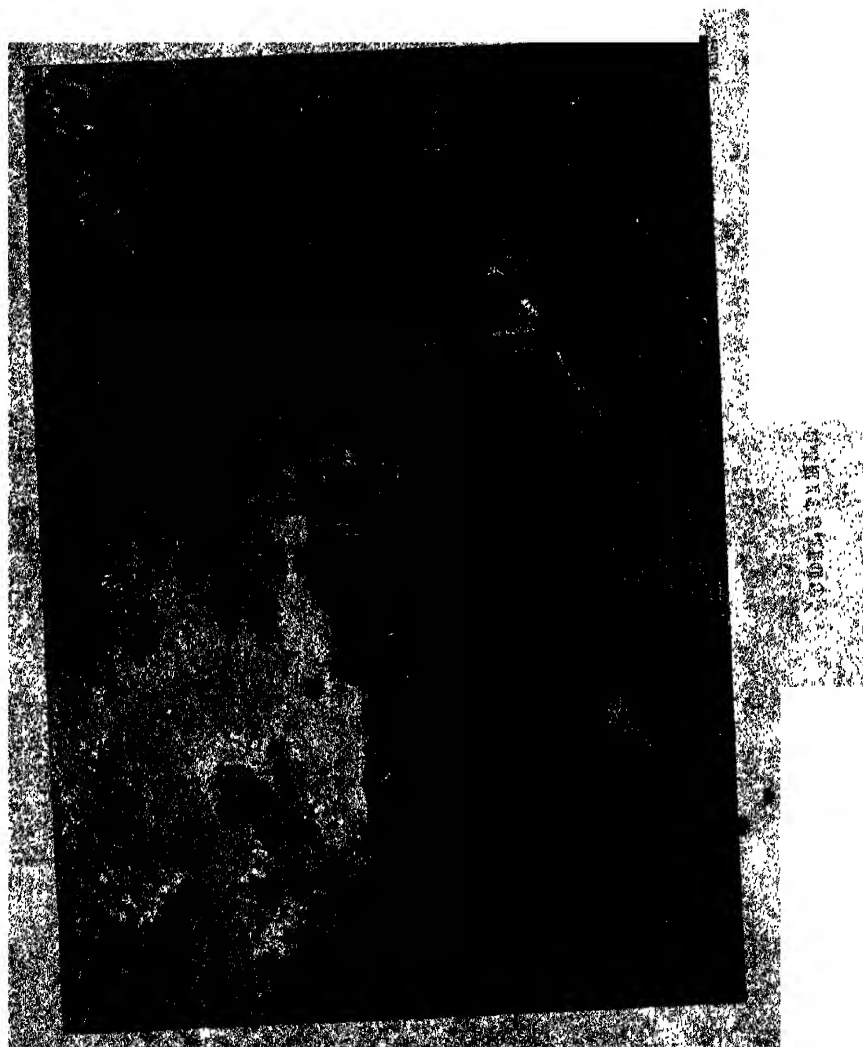
“ In vain ye flaunt in summer’s pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves
In vain ye charm—Eliza is no more!

“ Ye heathy wastes, immix’d with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor’d;
Ye rugged cliffs, o’erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

“ Princes, whose cumb’rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

“ We saw thee shine in youth and beauty’s pride,
And virtue’s light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips’d at morning tide
Thou left’st us darkling in a world of tears.

“ The parent’s heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deckt the woddbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish’d, leaves it bleak and bare.”



COILSFIELD.

RATHER more than fifty years ago, at Coilsfield, the mansion of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, near Tarbolton, there resided a simple Highland girl, by name Mary Campbell, who acted in the humble capacity of a dairywoman. She was beloved and occasionally visited by a young man of her own rank from a neighbouring parish; and the lovers would sometimes meet under a thorn not far from the house. At length these young people agreed to be married, and the girl resolved, in anticipation of that event, to pay a parting visit to her relations in Argyleshire. She met her lover one Sunday of May in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where they spent the whole day in leave-taking, and in making professions of mutual attachment. At their parting, standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy. The bible, the property of the youth, was transferred to the maiden, as a keepsake, with two pointed texts against false vows inscribed on the blank paper. But this tender meeting was the last these fond lovers were ever to enjoy. At Greenock, in returning from her visit of filial duty, Mary Campbell caught an inflammatory distemper, and died.

Hundreds of such things have chanced before and since, and it may be asked why the particular tale of Mary Campbell is so well recorded?—why does an artist go to Coilsfield on her account to take a careful draught of its scenery?—why is that draught here published?—why are we now writing a minute narrative of the loves and fate of one who was only a poor serving girl at a country gentleman's mansion? The answer to all these questions is, that her lover was the most remarkable man of his age, the peasant poet BURNS!

These, reader, it may be added, are the objects he apostrophised in the following verses, now as familiar to most British ears as the finest passages in Shakspeare:—

" Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfolds her robes,
And there they longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

" How sweetly bloom'd the gay green hirk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

" Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I left thee kiss'd as fondly !
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me as kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lov'd me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary."

* The remainder of the tale of Mary Campbell and Burns is thus narrated in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 91 :

"What turn might have been given to the fate of Burns, if he had been united to this amiable though humble person, and thus redeemed in all probability from many subsequent follies, it were vain to speculate. It is to be supposed, however, that he often had occasion afterwards, when 'musing on wasted time,' and perhaps writhing under a consciousness that the tenor of his life was neither innocent nor profitable, to say with Serjeant Bothwell, in his most touching record of early and unfortunate passion,

'Both heaven and earth might now approve me
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.'

Other attachments, including many less pure as well as less impassioned, afterwards possessed his breast ; but the recollection of Mary seems to have ever remained with him, and even to have recurred more particularly when the consequences of those less worthy attachments were pressing upon him. At the time when one of those was about to drive him into a degraded exile, he composed the following verses, which powerfully express the bitterness of his feelings on the occasion :—

"O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intensely surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave !

"Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wall,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore ;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Colla's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

"No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave ;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

"No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast ;
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more."

To pursue this affecting tale in the words of Mr. Lockhart :—"That noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*, was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September 1789 [at Elligland], on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love. But Mr. Cromeke has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs. Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all the circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history. According to her, Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses :—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
Sceat thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Coilsfield house is about six miles from Ayr, on the road to Mauchline, and is considered one of the finest and most beautifully situated mansions in the county. The sketch involves the finest part of the domain, on the immediate banks of the rivulet Faile, where, in all probability, the last farewell of Burns and his Argyleshire mistress took place. The house and estate belong to the Earl of Eglinton, grandson of the gentleman who possessed them in Burns's time.

Some antiquarian interest attaches to the name of Coilsfield. Unvarying tradition points to the place as called after that same *King Coil*, who is supposed to have left his name to this whole district of Ayrshire, as well as to the rivulet of Coyl, and the parish of Coylton. The early unscrupulous historians of Scotland speak of *Coil*, or *Coilus*, as a king of the Britons, who, three hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era, here fought a bloody battle with Fergus I. king of Scots, by whom he was overthrown and slain. In Bleau's Atlas, published in the middle of the seventeenth century, where the event is gravely related, it is mentioned that the plain on which the encounter took place retains the name of the unfortunate king, while Loch Fergus, in the neighbourhood, commemorates the site of the Scottish camp. This writer also adverts to the names of the rivulet and parish as monuments of the death of Coilus. On the other hand, George Chalmers scouts the whole story, and professes not to believe that such a monarch as Coilus ever lived. It is very certain that the date assigned to his existence, being so long antecedent to the dawn of genuine history in our island, must be fabulous; but we are disposed to pause before dismissing him altogether from the page of history. Some local circumstances appear to militate strongly against any such conclusion. A little rill which joins the Faile within the Coilsfield ground, still bears the name of the *Bloody Burn*, while a flat alluvial field, opposite its junction with the larger stream, is called the *Dead-men's Holm*. At a little distance to the north of the house, near the farm-offices, there is a circular mound, enclosed by a hedge, and planted with oak and other trees: on the top of this eminence, in its centre, are two large stones, masses of basalt, which, according to tradition, mark the spot where the remains of "old king Coil" were deposited. With the

" Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

" Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with milder care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 • Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 • Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

To wander through these woods of Coilsfield, and reflect that, as the residence of rank and affluence, they are as nothing, but derive immortal glory from the attachment of a ploughman to a menial servant, both of whom lived fifty years ago, fills the mind with reflections which we would vainly attempt to describe."

name of the man thus so fixed on the locality, and so many traces of the sanguinary battle in which he is said to have fallen,—with topography thus giving her voice so loudly in support of history,—it could never have appeared to us reasonable altogether to disbelieve the traditionary tale of Coil. It is less so now than before, in consequence of a discovery recently made respecting the supposed grave of the British king, of which the following account appeared in the Ayr Observer newspaper:—"On the evening of the 29th May, 1837, in presence of several gentlemen, the two large stones were removed. The centre of the mound was found to be occupied by boulder stones, some of them of considerable size. When the excavators had reached the depth of about four feet, they came on a flag-stone of a circular form, about three feet in diameter.

"The light had now failed, and rain began to fall in torrents; but the interest excited was too intense to admit of any delay; candles were procured, all earth and rubbish cleared away, and the circular stone carefully lifted up.

"The seclusion of the spot, the beauty of the surrounding lawn and trees, the eager countenances of the spectators, and above all, the light and voices rising from the grave, in which there had been darkness and silence [as supposed] for upwards of two thousand years, rendered the scene which at this time presented itself at Coil's tomb, a very remarkable one.

"Under the circular stone was first a quantity of dry yellow coloured sandy clay—then a small flag-stone laid horizontally, covering the mouth of an urn filled with white-coloured burnt bones. In removing the dry clay by which this urn was surrounded, it was discovered that a second urn less indurated in its texture, so frail as to fall to pieces when touched, had been placed close to the principal urn.

"Next day the examination of the mound was resumed, and two more urns filled with bones were found. Of these urns, one crumbled into dust so soon as the air was admitted; the other was raised in a fractured state. Under flat stones several small heaps of bones were observed, not contained in urns, but carefully surrounded by the yellow coloured clay mentioned above.

"The urns in shape resemble flower-pots; they are composed of clay, and have been hardened by fire. The principal urn is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, $\frac{1}{2}$ ths of an inch in thickness. It has none of those markings supposed to have been made by the thumb nail, so often to be observed on sepulchral urns, and it has nothing of ornament except an edging or projecting part, about half an inch from the top.

"No coins, or armour, or implements of any description could be found.

"The discovery of these urns renders evident, that at a very remote period, and while the practice of burning the dead still prevailed—that is to say, before the introduction of Christianity—some person or persons of distinction had been deposited there."

We agree with the writer in his concluding remark—"The fact of sepulchral urns having been found in the very spot where, according to an uninterrupted tradition, and the statements of several historians, king Coil had been laid, appears to give to the traditionary

evidence, and to the statements of the early Scottish historians, in regard to Coil [except with respect to the date], a degree of probability higher than they formerly possessed."

MILL MONACH.

ON THE COYL.

To the beautiful ballad, entitled the *Soldier's Return*, which Burns wrote at a comparatively late period of his life, in consequence of seeing a poor discharged soldier trudging wearily along the road near Brownhill, in Dumfriesshire, he has, with his usual piety towards his native district, given an Ayrshire locality:—

"A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coyl,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling."

The scene here depicted was in all respects real, though the incidents associated with it by the poet were imaginary. At a point on the road from Ayr to Ochiltree, four or five miles from the former place, the traveller has only to turn off about a mile along a parish road to the right, in order to find himself at the spot where the soldier is described as meeting his still faithful mistress. Coylton kirk and Kirkton are first passed, and then, about half a mile further up the little vale, we reach the trysting thorn and mill, as delineated in the accompanying engraving,—a scene of simple and by no means striking elements, yet pleasing, and a type to recall many other Scottish burn-sides and mill sites,—“fit scenes,” as Wordsworth has it,

—— “for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in."

A verdant, gowan-besprent holm, through which the burn finds a crooked way over its channelled bed,—“twa verdant braes,” as Ramsay has it, forming the basin of the glen,—the old accustomed mill under the shoulder of one of these braes, a few elms and hedgerows, a few scattered cots, and the heathy mountains behind, from which the stream descends,—such are the component parts of this and a thousand other such spots in Lowland Scotland,

how dearly treasured in the remembrance of many a manly heart all over the world! The mill, in the present case, bears the title of Mill Monach, or Mill Mannoeh,—the *Monk's Mill*,—a circumstance which shows not only its being of at least as old date as the Reformation, but that it has existed since the early days when Gaelic was the language of the district. It is creditable to the honest swains who reside on the spot that, as yet, the tale of the Soldier's Return has not assumed the character of an actual circumstantial fact amongst them.

FALLS OF THE BRUAR.

THE greater number of Scottish waterfalls take place in hollows formed by the descent of streams along the sides of steep and lofty mountains. Of this class, the falls of the Bruar form a distinguished example. This rivulet is poured through a chasm in the hills which bound the vale of the Garry on the north, about three and a half miles to the west of Blair, and near the line of the road between Perth and Inverness. In its descent, it makes two falls, or rather sets of falls, of which that delineated in the engraving is the *upper*. The whole scene, as it existed in the days of Burns, is thus described by Dr Garnett:

"Before we reached Blair, we passed the small village of Bruar, which takes its name from a turbulent stream, called Bruar-water, that rolls along its rocky bed under a bridge. We went up the left bank of this river, whose channel is the most rugged that can be conceived; the rocks which form it have been worn into the most grotesque shapes by the fury of the water. A foot-path has lately been made by the Duke of Athol, which conducts the stranger in safety along the side of the chasm, where he has an opportunity of seeing, in a very short time, several very fine cascades; one over which a bridge is thrown, forms a very picturesque object. This is called the lower fall of Bruar. The water here rushes under a bridge, and falls in a full broad sheet over the rocky steep, and descends impetuously through a natural arch, into a dark black pool, as if to take breath, before it resumes its course, and rushes down to the Garry.

"Proceeding up the same side of the river, along the footpath, we came in sight of another rustic bridge, and a noble cascade, consisting of three falls or breaks, one immediately above another; but the lowest is equal in height to both the others taken together. This is called the upper fall of the Bruar. Crossing the bridge over this tremendous cataract, with trembling steps, we walked down the other bank of the river, to a point from whence we enjoyed the view of this fine fall to great advantage. The shelving rocks on each side of the bridge, with the water precipitating itself from rock to rock, and at



last shooting headlong, filling with its spray the deep chasm, form a scene truly sublime.”
Garnett's Tour, second edition, ii. 44.

In the course of his Highland tour, September, 1787, Burns, after a brief stay with the Duke and Duchess of Atholl at Blair, visited the falls of the Bruar, in consequence of the recommendation of the Duke. At this time the great chasm, as well as the neighbouring hills, was destitute of wood, so that the effect was much tamer than it would have been, if the traveller's eye had caught the quivering cascades, in glimpses, through the tangles of a forest. Burns was much impressed with this idea, and in the course of a few days sent from Inverness his “Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the Noble Duke of Athol,” inclosed in a letter to the Duke's family tutor, Mr Walker:

“ My Lord, I know, your noble ear
 Wo ne'er assails in vain;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble Slave complain,
 How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foaming streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

“ The lightly-jumping glowrin' trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray;
 If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

“ Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That, to a Bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry:
 A panegyric rhyme! I weep
 Even as I was he shor'd me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

“ Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gavo them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

“ Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes:
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

“ The sober laverock, warbling wild
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin penave autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow:

THE LAND OF BURNS.

" This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm
And coward maikin sleep secure
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat.
From prone descending show'rs.

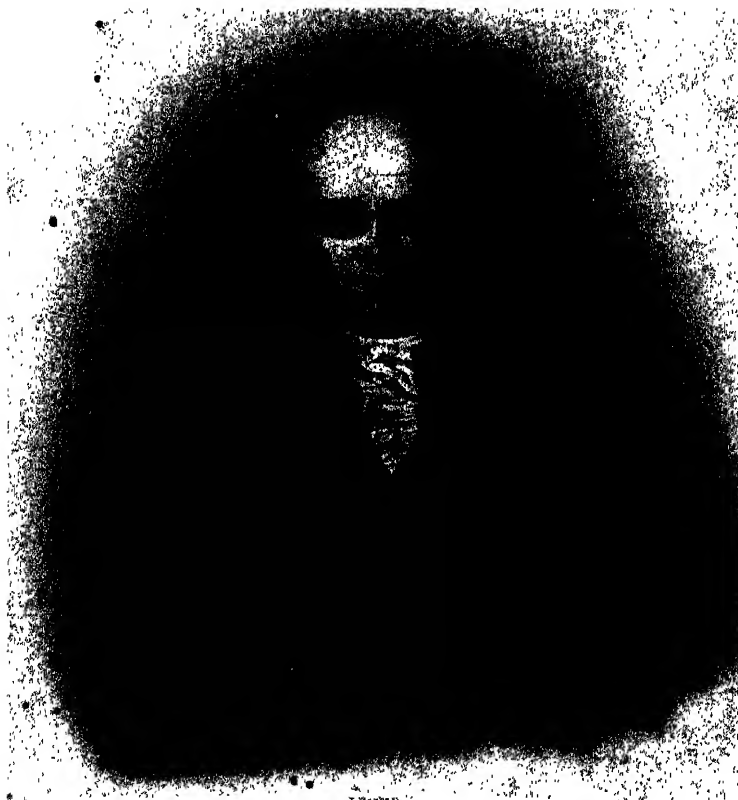
" And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

" Here, haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, gray :
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

" Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close gmbow'ring thorn.

" So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
The social flowing glasses,
To grace be—' Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lassies ! "

The consequence was, that the Duke lost no time in planting the banks of the Bruar. The whole scene is now, accordingly, much changed, and infinitely for the better. The Messrs Anderson, in their carefully prepared and most satisfactory *Guide to the Highlands*, thus describe the part above the lower falls: "—— the depth of the dell increases. Heather, in rich wreaths, hangs from the cliffs and jutting corners of the rocks; tall graceful larches shoot up their straight stems, and the rowan and aspen add variety to the foliage. Above we reach the second group of falls, five in number, the lowermost about thirty-five feet high; the others, taken together, about forty feet." These measurements, it may be added, are much beneath what are given in some other works; but they are probably the nearest to the truth.



Portrait.

ROBERT ALBERTSON

as a member of the staff of the

United States Army

ROBERT AINSLIE, ESQ.

THE numerous letters written by Burns to this gentleman, and the fact of their having performed a tour in the south of Scotland together, must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the biography and correspondence of the poet. It is a circumstance which speaks loudly in behalf of Mr Ainslie, that he had just completed his twentieth year and had not yet finished his apprenticeship, when he recommended himself to this remarkable friendship with a man several years his senior, and whose mind no one will deny to have been more mature for his age, than that of most of the children of Adam. This friendship was formed in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1787, and seems to have shot up with that tropical rapidity of growth which belongs to generous natures. Some insight into its physiology is afforded by the following letter of Burns, dated from Mauchline, July 23, in the year just mentioned: "My dear Ainslie,—There is one thing for which I set great store by you as a friend, and it is this, that I have not a friend upon earth, besides yourself, to whom I can talk nonsense without forfeiting some portion of his esteem. Now, to one like me, who never cares for speaking anything but nonsense, such a friend as you is an invaluable treasure. I was never a rogue, but I have been a fool all my life; and, in spite of all my endeavours, I now see plainly that I never shall be wise. Now it rejoices my heart to have met with such a fellow as you, who, though not just such a hopeless fool as I, yet I trust you will never listen so much to the temptations of the devil as to grow so very wise that you will in the least disrespect an honest fellow because he is a fool. In short, I have set you down as the staff of my old age, when the whole of my friends will, after a decent share of pity, have forgot me." Again, in November of the same year, from his Edinburgh lodgings—"You will think it romantic when I tell you, that I find the idea of your friendship almost necessary to my existence. You assume a proper length of face in my bitter hours of blue-devilism, and you laugh fully up to my wishes at my good things. I don't know, upon the whole, if you are one of the first fellows in God's world, but you are so to me. I tell you this just now, in the conviction that some inequalities in my temper and manner may perhaps sometimes make you suspect that I am not so warmly as I ought to be your friend."

The subject of these eulogia closed his benevolent and useful life, April 11, 1838, in the 72nd year of his age. He was the eldest son of Mr — Ainslie, who resided at Berrywell, near Dunse, in the capacity of land-agent for Lord Douglas over his lordship's Berwickshire estates. Of Douglas and Whitelaw, the only two brothers of Mr Ainslie, the latter became the author of an elaborate work on the *Materia Medica* of India, for which he was knighted by the late King William IV. Mr Douglas Ainslie, now the only surviving member of the family, occupies the situation once held by his father. Miss Rachel Ainslie, the only sister of these gentlemen, and whose personal elegance obtained

the commendations of the Ayrshire poet, is also dead. The subject of the present notice served his apprenticeship, as a writer to the signet, with Mr Samuel Mitchelson, in Carrubber's close, Edinburgh: the place is worth mentioning, for this was the individual at whose house took place the *haggis-scene* introduced by Smollett into his *Humphrey Clinker*.* We have heard Mr Ainslie dilate on the character of his master and fellow-apprentices, and the various circumstances under which he spent this pleasant part of his life. Mr Mitchelson, as a devout amateur of the musical art, was a leading member of the society which performed in the St Cecilia's Hall in the Cowgate. Mr Ainslie used to mention with great relish the indignant exclamation of an Italian whom these gentlemen had engaged for a few nights, when some injustice, as he thought, was about to be done to him by the committee, in the settlement of their accounts—"Signor Tytleri and Signor Mitchelsoni, I will make it known to every court in Europe!" Another Italian star, whose musical perceptions had not been very favourably impressed by these Scottish amateurs, being much offended one evening at some remark which one of them (a flutist) made to him, only answered, "Pooh, pooh, Signor —, blow your stick!" Mr Ainslie and his brethren at Mr Mitchelson's desks, amongst whom was the late Lord Cringletie, afterwards kept up the remembrance of these early days by forming themselves into a little private association, the chief purpose of which was a weekly meeting in each others' houses by rotation—meetings which Mr Ainslie used to say had been pronounced by his wife as the most agreeable that ever took place within their mansion. The practice was not, we believe, given up till the most of the members were dispersed or dead. The acquaintance formed by Mr Ainslie with Burns, while still an apprentice, led to their making an excursion together in Berwickshire and Teviotdale in May 1787. Burns thus opens a series of memoranda on this tour: "Reach Berrywell—old Mr Ainslie an uncommon character; his hobbies agriculture, natural philosophy, and politics. In the first he is unexceptionably the clearest-headed, best-informed man I ever met with; in the other two very intelligent. As a man of business he has uncommon merit, and by fairly observing it, has made a very decent independence. Mrs Ainslie, an excellent, sensible, cheerful, amiable old woman. Miss Ainslie—her person a little embonpoint, but handsome; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humour. She unites three qualities rarely to be found together; keen, solid penetration; sly, witty observation and remark; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty. Douglas a clever, fine promising young fellow. The family meeting with their brother, my *compagnon de voyage*, very charming; particularly the sister. The whole family remarkably attached to their menials. Mrs Ainslie full of stories of the sagacity and sense of the little girl in the kitchen. Mr Ainslie high in the praises of an African, his house-servant—all his people old in his service—Douglas's old nurse came to Berrywell yesterday, to remind them of its being his birth-day." After spending two nights at Berrywell, the poet, accompanied by his young friend, proceeded to Coldstream, where, according to the recollection

* The house is in a little square at the bottom of the close—distinguished by a large representation of a clam shell over the door.

of Mr Ainslie, he expressed a wish to cross the Tweed, that he might for the first time stand on English ground. Here a remarkable scene occurred. Burns suddenly threw himself on his knees, and turning towards the side of the river which he had just left, poured forth the ardent apostrophe to Scotland which concludes his *Cotter's Saturday Night*—

“O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,” &c. &c.

A tour of ten days by Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Inverleithen, and Earlstoun, brought the pair back to Berrywell, whence they once more set out next day, proceeding by Berwick to Eyemouth and Dunbar. It was not till after a second return to Berrywell, that Burns parted with his young companion, and set out on his further travels by himself.

In the course of the same year, while Burns continued to reside in Edinburgh, he had frequent meetings with Mr Ainslie. The latter gentleman, in mature life, used to advert with peculiar satisfaction to one meeting above all others which they had at his lodgings in James's Square. He had then what he called a small wine-cellar—properly only a recess under a window-seat, *Scottice*, a bunker; and this bunker contained some two or three bottles of tolerable port, the remains of a half dozen which had been sent from Berrywell. He proposed to place these at the disposal of his poetical visitor; but Burns declined the treat. They had no need, he said, of wine to sharpen or brighten their wits. Rather let them go out to the King's Park, and have a quiet chat. Ainslie readily acceded to this sober proposal, and he used to say that he never enjoyed the conversation of Burns so much as during that walk and the undebauching tea which followed it after they had returned to his lodgings.

Burns, after his departure from Edinburgh, wrote many confiding letters to Ainslie, some of which have been printed. They also met once at Ellisland,—where the poet gave him a written copy of his *Tam o' Shanter*, which Mr Ainslie afterwards presented to Sir Walter Scott. Before this visit—in 1789—the subject of our memoir had become a member of the society of writers to the signet, and commenced business in Edinburgh. He prosecuted this calling with success, and, by a lady named Cunningham, the daughter of a colonel of the *Scots Brigade* in the Dutch service, became the father of a numerous family, of whom two daughters alone survive. Mr Ainslie had at all times of his life a taste for literature, and could write well, whether to a humorous or grave purpose. Of the former class of his compositions, some papers in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1824, on the reform of the Scottish judicatures, may be cited as a favourable specimen. Two little volumes, respectively entitled “A Father's Gift to his Children,” and “Reasons for the Hope that is in us,” both embodying the evidences of Christianity, are the principal examples of his grave style. He was for many years an elder in the Old Church, St Giles's. His personal deportment was remarkable for an unfailing flow of benevolent feeling and good humour. His conversation was cheerful, full of whimsical and well-told anecdote, and altogether untinged by ill-nature or harshness. The accompanying portrait is a faithful representation of his features, as he appeared a few years

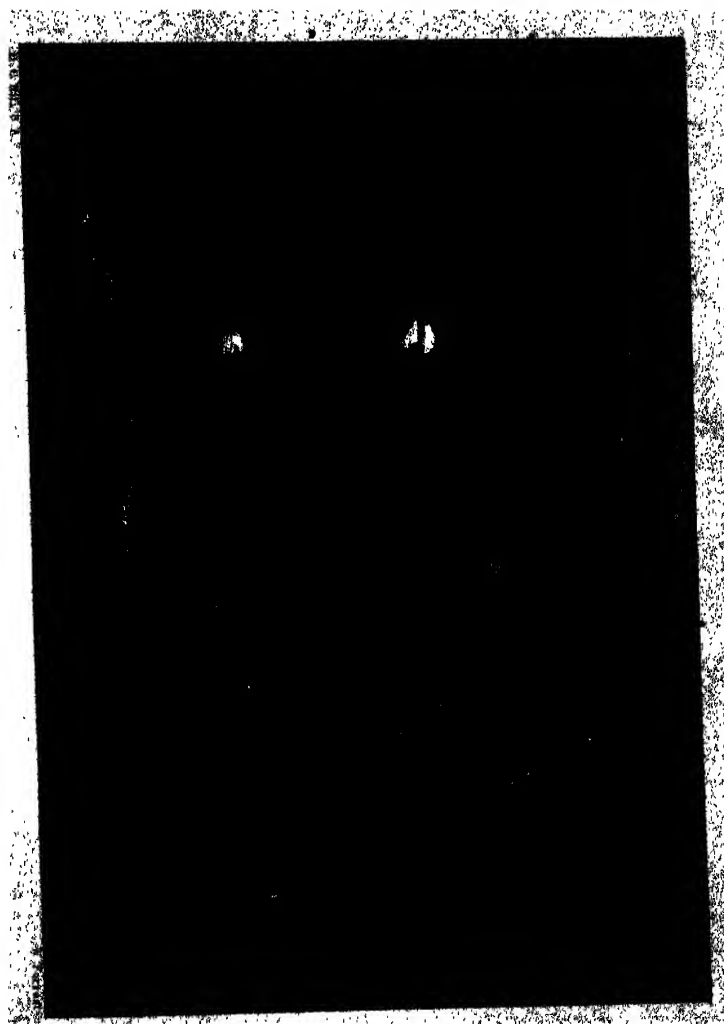
ago; but it would be difficult, by this art, to convey an adequate impression of the playful and benignant smile which usually sat upon those features,—the outward token of that delightfully tempered spirit which won the heart of Burns fifty years ago, and continued to attach to him most of the other eminent literary persons who successively arose in Scotland during his time.

ABERFELDY.

BURNS, in the course of his Highland tour, September 1787, visited the celebrated waterfalls of Moness, in the neighbourhood of the village of Aberfeldy in Strath Tay. These falls, which occur in a deep and narrow chasm behind Moness House, are described by Pennant in language sufficiently complimentary—"an epitome," he calls them, "of every thing that can be admired in the curiosity of waterfalls." Another tourist speaks of them as a miniature of the Swiss Meyringen. They comprehend not only the usual phenomenon of a rivulet dashing down a rocky recess in the side of a range of hills, but several accessory cascades, which pour down the precipitous sides of that recess, and unite their waters with those of the principal stream below. The visitor of this beautiful scene first enters a glen, called the Den of Moness, clothed with hazel and birch in great luxuriance. As he advances, the sides of this den become sheer precipices, of about two hundred feet in height, so near each other, that the trees shooting out from the respective sides almost intermingle their branches. To quote the accurate description of a recent observer, "The lowest (falls) consist of a series of cascades, formed by a small tributary rivulet pouring down the east side of the dell, and seemingly altogether about eighty feet of perpendicular height. These join the main burn at the base of a little fall, which forms a conspicuous object in the sweet view obtained from the channel of the stream. From the end of a clear pool, where the motion of the water is indicated only by the bells of foam gliding slowly down, the spectator sees, at the further extremity of a low narrow chasm of black moistened rock, the small waterfall, at such a distance that its noise reaches the ear in a soft lulling murmur. On either hand rise high sloping banks, adorned with trees. A sweep of one side of the dell terminates the opening with a steep face of wood. From the edge of the fall shoots up a long slender spruce, succeeded by straight elms, and lofty beech trees. Young drooping ashes from the opposite banks, dip their tapering branches in the pool; each little protruding rock is covered with moss, and curtained with pendent ferns. Through the trees the other streamlet is beheld descending in sidelong haste.

"Let the visiter, however, hasten on to the next series, for they demand particular examination. They consist of a succession of falls, comprising a perpendicular height of not less than a hundred feet, and occupying in length a space of more than the like number of yards. A prolonged sheet of descending water, alternately perpendicular and slanting, is





before us. From the edge of this lengthened cataract rise abrupt rocky acclivities, covered, with moss and fern, whence shoot up tall slender ashes and elms. These partially veil two lichen-clad mural cliffs, converging towards the uppermost fall, above which they rear two high vertical lines: on the top of these cliffs, nod serried groves of pine and birch, while a row of airy birches wave on the slanting summit of the bank which closes in the rocky gap. The last and highest cascade is a perpendicular fall of about fifty feet, but possessing no particular interest.”*

Burns, wishing to commemorate this fine place in verse, composed his well known song of the *Birks of Aberfeldy*. The form taken by the product of his muse, was ruled by a homely popular song, the air of which has been found in a musical collection of the time of the Commonwealth, and the theme of which is the invitation of a lover to his mistress to go with him to the Birks of Aberfeldy—meaning a certain birch-bearing tract on the banks of the Dee in Aberdeenshire. Burns had only to alter a single letter in the chorus of this old ditty to make it suit his own song, which is here appended:

“ Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy

“ Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o’er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c. •

“ While o’er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythly sing,
Or lightly sit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

“ The braes ascend like lofty wa’s,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa’s,
O’er-hung wi’ fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonnie lassie, &c.

“ The hoary cliffs are crown’d wi’ flowers,
White o’er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi’ misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy. • •
Bonnie lassie, &c.

“ Let fortune’s gifts at random flee, •
They ne’er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi’ love and thee •
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie,“ &c.

When visited by Burns, the beautiful domain of Moness was the property of a gentleman named Fleming. For the last forty years, it has belonged to the Breadalbane family. It is annually visited by an unintermittent succession of tourists.

*Anderson’s Guide to the Highlands, p. 443

AUCHTERTYRE.

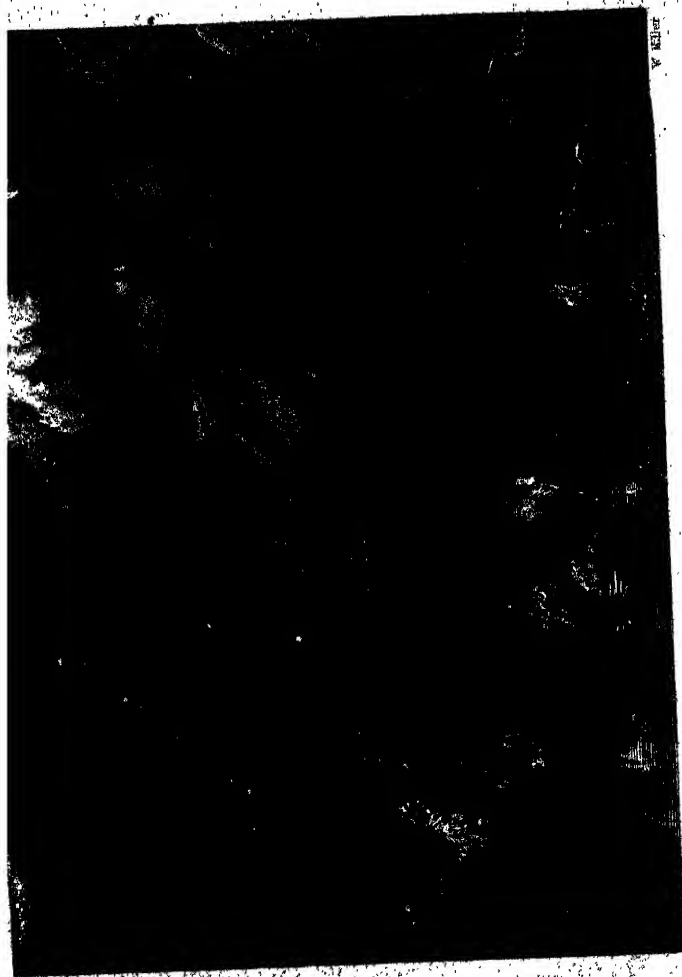
AUCHTERTYRE (or less correctly, though more generally, Ochtertyre)* is a place of famed beauty in Perthshire, situated on what may be described as the last and lowest terrace of the Highlands, with a view towards the more fertile south. By the readers of Burns it is to be carefully distinguished from another place of the same name, on the Teith, near Stirling, which the poet also visited, being then the residence of his friend Mr Ramsay. He visited Auchtertyre in Perthshire in 1787, apparently in the month of June, though this is a point on which we are somewhat uncertain. The proprietor, Sir William Murray, and his wife, lady Augusta Murray,† did all that lay within their enlightened and liberal natures to render the poet's stay in their house, which was of a few days' continuance, agreeable to him. In a letter to his friend Nicol, written from the house, he says, "I feel myself very comfortably situated in this good family; just enough of notice to make me easy, but not to embarrass me." There is some reason to think that the poet paid a second visit to Auchtertyre in the autumn of the same year; if such was the case, it would be doubtful if it was on this, or the second occasion, that the beautiful Euphemia Murray of Lintrose was present to add to the charms of one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. Certainly it was here that he met that young lady, who, as will be elsewhere more particularly indicated, was a near and favourite relation of Sir William, and frequently an inmate of his house. The muse of Burns was active at Auchtertyre. He celebrated the meek grace of Miss Murray in the song of "Blythe was she," and he poured forth the kindly feelings which he cherished for all that was beautiful and innocent in the lower walks of animated nature, by his "Verses on Scaring some Water-fowl in Loch-Turrit,"—Loch-Turrit, as elsewhere stated, being a wild and romantic scene in the hills of Auchtertyre.

The situation of Auchtertyre, on a richly wooded slope, on the sun-exposed side of Strath-earn, about two miles from Crieff, is extremely fine. The present view is taken from a point on the east approach near the family mausoleum. In the lake, which is partly the work of art, there are several wooded islands, one of which bears the remains of an ancient fortalice, which perhaps the early proprietors found an useful defence against the freebooters of the neighbouring glens. There is good fishing in the lake, and excellent marble is found in it. The woods are of a noble character, both in extent and age, and are intersected by a vast number of carriage-drives and foot-paths, mostly the work of the late Sir Patrick (son Burns's entertainer), who here lived for many years among his people, the very beau-

* Etymologically, *the carpenter's field*.

† This lady must have borne some interest in the eyes of our Jacobite bard, as one of the daughters of the Earl of Cromarty, who was out in the Forty-five, and had nearly forfeited his life on that occasion. When the unfortunate earl was condemned to suffer with Kilmarnock and Balmerino, his wife made strenuous personal exertions in his behalf, throwing herself at the king's feet, and beseeching also the intercession of the female members of the Royal Family. Lady Augusta, born a few months after the pardon was obtained, was bound to bear a strange memorial of the anxieties of her mother, in the form of an axe imprinted by nature upon her neck.





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ideal of a country gentleman. These walks often lead to points commanding the most exquisite snatches of all varieties of landscape.

A small hill on the left may be mentioned particularly, as affording one of the richest prospects in Perthshire. It consists of a portion of the vale of the Earn near the village of Comrie, which reposes amid a profusion of beautifully wooded knolls, among which the silver windings of the river are alternately seen and lost, until they find an uninterrupted champagne, where they make a series of the most magnificent sweeps down to the bottom of the hill alluded to, and then lose themselves among the woods of Shewan. In this part of the foreground rises the singular and beautiful hill of Tom-a-Chastel, the site of the ancient castle of the early Earls of Strathearn,—a structure of which no vestige exists except in the name of the hill. It has been worthily replaced by an obelisk of northern granite, which Lady Baird of Fern-ton has, with equal piety and good taste, reared to the memory of her husband, the late General Sir David Baird. This beautiful column, surrounded and half-hidden by a grove of old Scottish pines, occupies the top of the eminence, the lower parts of which are also beautifully wooded.—In the left of the distance we can look far into the forests of Glenartney. The huge hills which rise in the centre of our print are the same which are seen behind the village of Comrie; while on the right, the eye, after resting with delight on a beautifully shaped hill on which there has been erected a monument to the first Viscount Melville, and passing to the picturesque rock called the Chair of St Fillan, penetrates into the youthful course of the Earn, and delights itself in wandering over the outlines of the mountainous distance in the neighbourhood of the parent lake. The centre of the view we speak of, is occupied by the patrician woods and almost Roman villa of Lawers, where the lover of landscape may regale himself in a realization of the beauties of Milton's Paradise. But it were idle to descant on the prospects of Auchtertyre: they must be visited to be felt.

This fine place is now the property and residence of Sir William Keith Murray, Bart., son of the late Sir Patrick. He is an amateur artist of great enthusiasm and acquirement, and the author of a series of outline Sketches of Scottish Scenery, in which are included views of many remote and not easily accessible places in the Hebrides and elsewhere, of which no other engravings have been published.

LOCH TURIT.

THE present plate represents the wild, and, till lately, almost inaccessible glen, amongst the hills of Auchtertyre, alluded to in the preceding article. A trivial incident which occurred when the poet visited this scene—the starting of some water-fowl from the lonely tarn—gave rise to his fine burst of benevolent feeling:

THE LAND OF BURNS.

"Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock

"Conscious, blushing for our race
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace,
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

"The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But, man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

"In these savage, liquid plains
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

"Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn:
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave."

Our artist has well expressed the features of this savage wilderness,—the steep-down hills, filleted with mist—the stripe of plain, dotted with a few sheep—and the solitary lake, with its accessory rill exemplifying the usual law of curvature in discharging its waters through a piece of level ground.

EUPHEMIA MURRAY,

THE "Phemie" of Burns's delightful song to the old tune of "Blythe was she."—

"By Auchtermotyle grows the silk,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than brass or Yarrow ever saw.





"Her looks were like the flower in May.
 Her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of *Karne*
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

"Her bonnie face it was as meek,
 As any lamb upon the lee;
 'The evening's sun was ne'er see sweet
 As was the blink o' *Flemie's* ee," &c.

As elsewhere mentioned, Burns became acquainted with this lady during a short residence at Auchtertyre, in the summer or autumn of 1787. She was the only daughter of Mungo Murray, Esq., of Lintrose in the county of Perth, and Cecilia Lyon of Brighton; the Murrays of Lintrose being cadets of the Murrays of Auchtertyre (see Douglas's Baronage), while the Lyons of Brighton are descended from the Hon. Frederick Lyon, third son of Patrick, ninth Lord Glamis and first Earl of Kinghorn.

In the bloom of youth and beauty (being now only eighteen), Miss Murray had obtained the appellation of the "Flower of Strathmore." Her father was first cousin to Sir William Murray* of Auchtertyre, and she frequently, about this period, resided in the house of the latter gentleman, with whom she was a great favourite. Miss Murray's countenance was of a pale and innocent cast, and her friends generally considered the verse beginning

"Her bonnie face it was as meek," &c.

as very expressive of her appearance and style of beauty. She was married, August 2, 1794, to the late David Smythe, Esq., of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, by whom she had several children.

KENMORE, AND TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, is one of those places which the revenue arising from princely possessions allows to be formed, in two or three instances, out of the natural magnificence of the Scottish Highlands. The proprietor of this house is the owner of lands stretching nearly a hundred miles to the westward, where they are bounded only by the Atlantic Ocean. He is the chief cadet of the great family of Campbell, which for several centuries possessed almost unbounded power in the western districts of Scotland, to the north of the Clyde. The castle is situated in a beautiful valley in Perthshire, at the eastern extremity of Loch Tay, the waters of which here begin to form the river of the same name. In the accompanying drawing, besides the house, and its splendid park, the eye catches the little village of Kenmore and its bridge over the young Tay—the lake, and the range of hills bounding it to the north-west, in-

* He was the father of Sir George Murray, formerly Secretary for the Colonies, and several times M.P. for Perthshire.

cluding the grand hill of Ben Lawers. Burns, who visited the scene, August 29, 1787 thus described it impromptu:—

"The outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride;
The palace rising by his verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed, in nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Taymouth and Kenmore form a capital point in the tour of the Highlands, and are annually visited by multitudes.

The accompanying picture is taken from what is called the *vista-fort*, on the front of the hill to the south-east of the house: the foreground represents the celebration of some day of national or local importance. The front of the house is partly towards the spectator. It consists of a large modern quadrangular pile, with turrets at the corners, and terminating in an airy central pavilion. To the west, projects the remains of the former mansion, a strong tower built in the reign of James VI.; while to the east extends a range of out-houses and offices. The Tay passes behind the house, towards Aberfeldy and Dunkeld, skirted on each side by magnificent woods. Amongst these there is an avenue of limes extending to a mile, which is said to convey to most minds the impression of some more than usually august Gothic cathedral.

The Breadalbane family is descended from Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, a younger son of the first ennobled person of the house of Campbell: he was one of the knights of Rhodes, subsequently designated of Malta. The fourth in descent from this warrior, also named Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, built the original house just alluded to, the name of which was till a recent period *Balloch*, that is *bealoch*, a mouth or gap, expressive of the situation of the mansion at the opening of the valley of the Tay. Some one signifying surprise to Sir Colin, that he should have built his house on the very verge of his extensive property, he slyly answered, "We'll brizz yont," (press onward,) a promise which his successors have in some degree fulfilled. In 1681, Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Breadalbane. He had married, in 1657, Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, the celebrated founder of Holland House, at Kensington. This young lady, having a fortune of ten thousand pounds, was esteemed one of the most desirable matches of her time. When Sir John Campbell, out of innumerable suitors, succeeded in gaining her hand, he retired with her to his Perthshire fastness in a truly primitive fashion. Upon one of the two Highland ponies which he had taken with him to London, he himself mounted, with his bride behind him: upon the other he disposed his ten thousand pounds; which was all in gold, and at each side of that precious horse-load he disposed a full-armed Highland gilly, who ran beside it as a guard. The strange cavalcade arrived safe in all its parts at Balloch; and a small room used to be shown in that old castle, which, for some time, formed at once the par-



lour and bed-room of the happy pair. This gentleman possessed great natural talents, which, with his rank and fortune, gave him considerable political importance. It was to him, after the rebellion of Viscount Dundee against the revolution settlement, that the ministers of King William entrusted the sum of twenty thousand pounds for the purpose of purchasing the peace of the disaffected Highland chiefs. His answer, when afterwards called upon for an account of the disposal of the money, is yet remembered: "Gentlemen—the money is spent, the Highlands are at peace, and that is the only way of accounting among friends." In 1716, when advanced to his eighty-first year, he was described by Mackay, a government spy, in these words—"he has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." The late John, fourth Earl of Breadalbane, was created a British marquis at the coronation of William IV., in 1831.

The interior of Taymouth castle is remarkable for a fine picture gallery. Of the portraits of Jamieson, an eminent Scottish artist, of the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., the largest collection in existence is to be found here. There are also two beautiful Vandykes—the Earl of Holland and his brother, father and uncle of the lady above mentioned. Among the other pictures, a few pieces by Guercino and Annibal Caracci, are the most remarkable.

BURNS'S COTTAGE,

EXTERIOR.

THE scene of the poet's birth was, as is generally known, a cottage about two miles from Ayr, on the road from that ancient burgh to Maybole, and at a little distance from Alloway Kirk and the "Auld Brig o' Doon." From the information of Gilbert Burns, Dr Currie gave the following account of the first settlement of the poet's father upon the place. It was while in the service of Mr Crawford of Doonside, that William Burnes (so he spelt his name,) "being desirous of settling in life, took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nursery-man and public gardener, and, having built a house upon it with his own hands, he married, in December 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr Ferguson, who purchased the estate of Doonholm, in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and little dairy, which consisted of two, sometimes of three milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766."

“ In this humble cottage, which, from its humble materials, was familiarly recognized in the district under the name of the *Clay Bigging*, Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759. It consisted of two apartments, that towards the south being the kitchen and usual residence of the family, while the other was a superior kind of room, such as is usually called in Scotland a *spence* or *ben-end*, with what was then a rare accommodation in such places, a fire-place containing a grate:—

“ *Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest,*”

THE VISION.

It was in the former of the two apartments that the poet was born. A view of its interior accompanies the present print, and will give all further information that is desirable, respecting the appearance of the place.

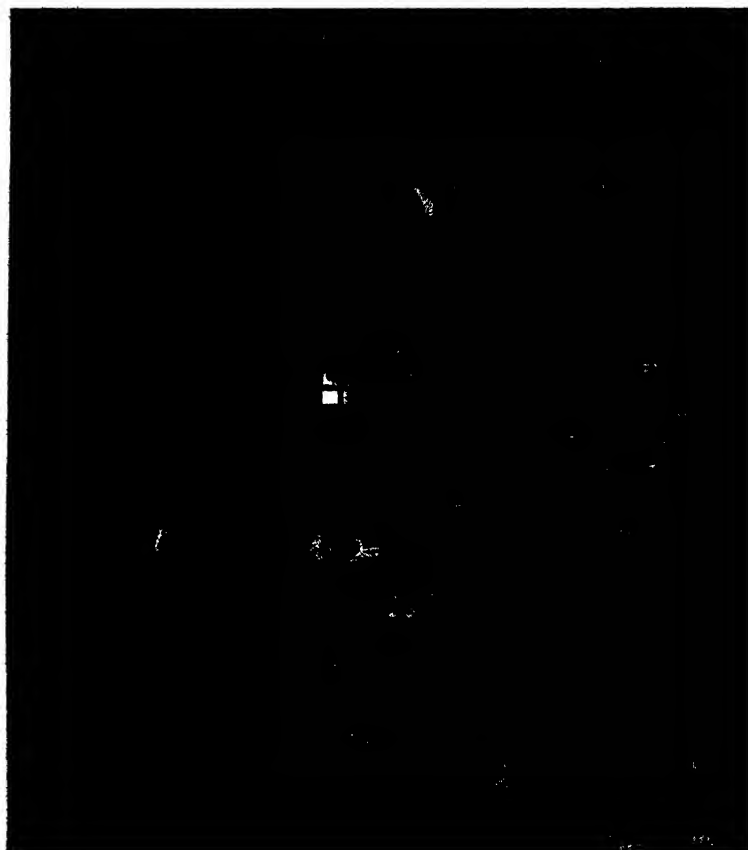
Two anecdotes, which would be trifling if they bore reference to a less distinguished person, but respecting Burns cannot be listened to without some degree of interest, have been related. One bears that, when the mother of the poet felt her time approaching, the father took horse, and set out, through the darkness of a stormy January night, for Ayr, in order to bring the necessary female attendant. When he approached a rivulet which crosses the road, and which was not then provided with a bridge, he found it so deep in flood, that a wayfaring female sat on the other side, unable to make her way across on foot. Notwithstanding his haste, he listened to the prayer of this poor woman, and conveyed her through the stream on his horse. When he returned with the woman of skill from Ayr, he found that the gipsy, as she proved to be, had made good her quarters beside his cottage fireside, where she was waiting anxiously for the happy hour of Agnes Burns. It is said that, on the child being placed in her lap, she inspected his palm, after the manner of her profession, and made the predictions which the poet himself has embodied in a whimsical song, not printed in most collections of his works:—

“ The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo ach, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae roof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

“ He'll hae misfortunes grent and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

“ But shre as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin'
So leeze me on thee, Robin.”

While the reader must be left to give this story any degree of credit to which he may think it entitled, the other can be presented upon such authority as renders doubt impossible. Dr Currie had heard a report that the poet was born in the midst of a storm, which blew down a part of the house, and, hinting at this rumour in a letter to Gilbert Burns, he received an answer of which the following is a part:—“ When my father built his ‘clay



biggin,' he put in two stone-jamba, as they are called, and a lintel, carrying up a chimney in his clay-gable. The consequence was, that as the gable subsided, the jambs, remaining firm, threw it off its centre; and one very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before day-light, a part of the gable fell out, and the rest appeared so shattered, that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbour's house, where they remained a week till their own dwelling was adjusted."

When the father of Burns removed to Lochlea, he sold his leasehold of the *New Gardens*, as his grounds were called, and of the *Clay Bigging*, to the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr, to whom they still belong. For the last thirty-seven years, the property has been leased, at the rent of £33. per annum, by a person named Gowdie, formerly a miller, and who has some recollections of Burns. Gowdie occupies the cottage as an ale-house, and his tidy spouse keeps it in a state of the most laudable cleanness. In the accompanying print of the interior of the kitchen, the honest pair are represented as sitting at their *twal' hours*, or lunch. The house is, as may well be supposed, in no want of custom. A correspondent had the curiosity to reckon up the number of names of strangers inserted in its album, during one month—September 1838—and found it to be three hundred and fifty. The accommodations have been extended since the poet's time, by the addition of a second cottage at the south gable, and by a barn at the opposite extremity; from which buildings it will be readily distinguished, in the print, by the *sign boards* which Gowdie has erected on the respective sides of the door. It is not unworthy of notice, that the thatched cottage opposite was that in which Murdoch taught his little school, when attended by Robert and Gilbert Burns.

BURNS'S COTTAGE,

INTERIOR.

THE subject of this print has been described in the preceding article: it is the interior of the kitchen or inferior apartment of the clay cottage in which Burns first saw the light. The artist has so chosen his position, as to render very conspicuous a recess in the angle of the apartment, containing a bed. *The bed in which the poet was born, stood here.* According to the narrative of Mrs Gowdie, it was a square wooden convenience, of the fashion still prevalent in Scottish cottages. In the course of time, it found its way to Brownhill Inn, in Dumfriesshire—probably through the connection of Burns with that district, and the sale of his property at Ellisland. When the furniture of the inn was on one occasion disposed of by roup, Burns's bed went for a trifle to the stable-boy; but

afterwards its value as a curiosity became appreciated, and the happy purchaser obtained twenty guineas for it.

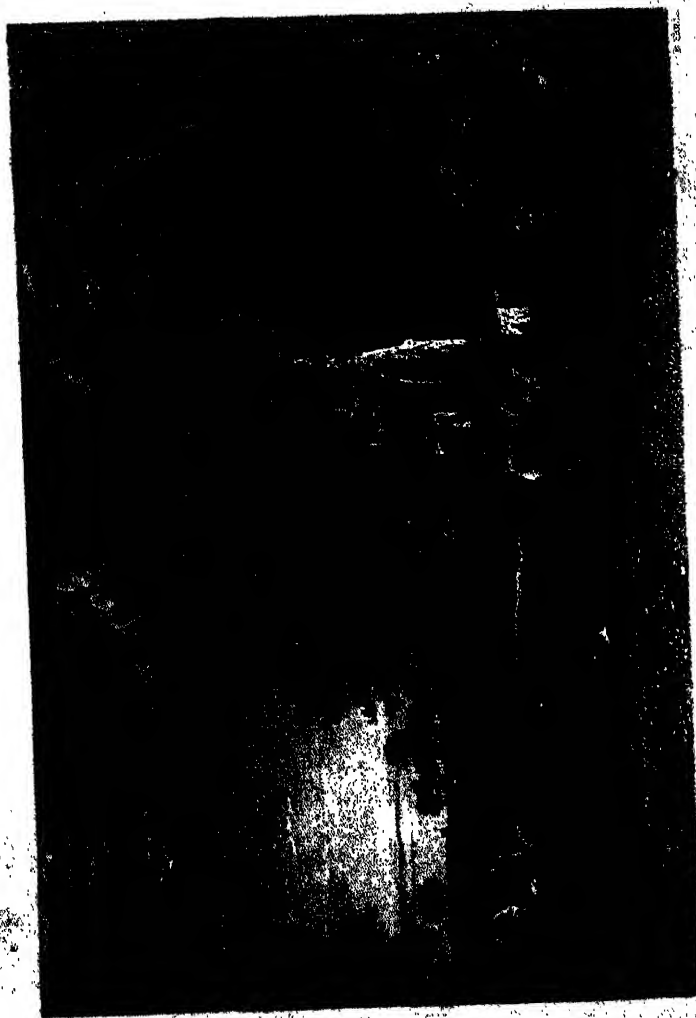
MOSSGIEL.

THE various letters of Mr Gilbert Burns to Dr Currie inform us that he and his brother took the farm of Mossgiel about the time when the affairs of their father were approaching the crisis of bankruptcy; that they entered upon the possession of it at Martinmas 1783 (some months before the death of their father); and that it consisted of 118 acres, at a rent of £90, and was stocked by the individual savings of the whole family, being a joint concern amongst them. The Earl of Loudoun was the proprietor; but the family of William Burns took the farm on a sub-lease from Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, who had attempted to cultivate it as a means of healthy recreation from the labours of his profession, and had built a rather superior house upon it, in which he designed partly to live. Mossgiel (originally Mossgavel) lies on the summit of a swelling piece of ground, somewhat more than a mile from Mauchline, and upon the road from that village to Kilmarnock. It not only is thus exposed to blasts, but has a cold wet till beneath it, so that ungenial weather is particularly unfavourable to its crops. From these causes, the first four seasons of the tenancy of the Burns family were unprofitable, and occasioned the loss of a considerable part of their original stock. Though the bard of Coila laboured upon it with untiring zeal, and was restricted (as was his brother) to a personal expenditure of only seven pounds a year, it is well known that the summer of 1786 found him penniless and hopeless man. Gilbert, nevertheless, when relieved from immediate difficulties by part of the unexpected profits of his brother's poems, continued upon the farm for ten or twelve years more, when he removed to Dinning in Dumfriesshire, a farm belonging to Sir G. S. Menteath of Closeburn.

The farm-steading of Mossgiel is, by reason of its elevated situation, conspicuous from a great distance around. It is closely surrounded by a very tall hedge and some well-grown trees, the original purpose of which has evidently been to afford shelter, but which now confer ornament. The buildings have a quadrangular arrangement, with the manure-heap in the centre, much after the style of Glau'd's steading in the *Gentle Shepherd*:

"A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square—"

except that the various offices are of substantial masonry, and not thatched. A lane near by is said to have been a favourite walk of the poet: the field in which he turned up the mouse's nest with the plough is pointed out; and a tree is shown, underneath which he



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loved to recline. The family accommodations of the farmer are contained in a building of the appearance of a cottage, containing only a kitchen and room—*Scottice*, a butt and a ben—besides perhaps some garrets. The room, or spence, though in all respects very humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, does not appear uncomfortable. All observation, however, is absorbed in the visiter's reflections, that, within these four walls, warmed at this little fire-place, and lighted by this single little window, lived one of the most extraordinary men ever born in a rustic situation; and here, perhaps, wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times. The place has one touching recollection above all others—that it is the scene described in the opening of *The Vision*.

" ——— when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensiv'lie,
I gued to rest.

" There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd wi' hoast-provoking sneek,
The auld clay buggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

" All in this mottle, misty clime,
I backward mut'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' doge nae-thing,
But stridden blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

" When click! the string the sneek did draw;
And jee! the door gaud to the wa'!" &c.

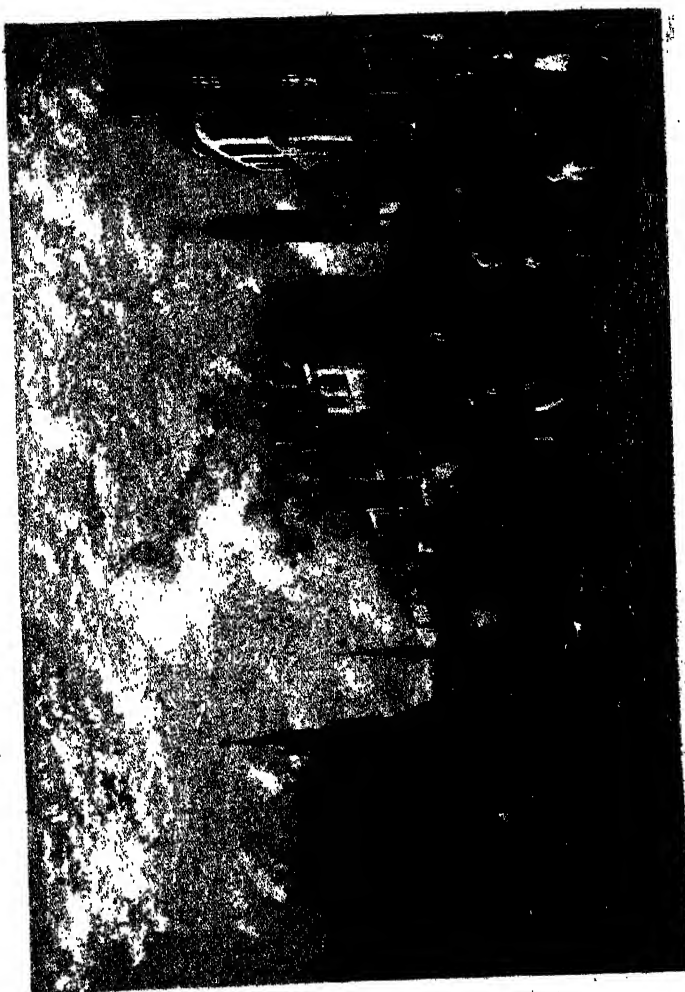
This spence, however, must have been splendour itself to the apartment in which Burns usually slept during his residence at Mossiel. It can never be learned without sensations of pity and wonder inexpressible, that this great and ill-requited genius wrote many of those admirable poems which constituted his first publication in the *stable-loft* or garret of this humble Ayrshire farm. This loft—probably a narrow angular space in which it was impossible to stand upright—constituted the bed-room of Robert Burns. He occupied it in conjunction with the driver of his plough-horses, a stripling named John Blane, who survived in 1837 to detail these circumstances to the present writer. It contained one bed, and the only other piece of furniture was a small deal-table, in which there was a drawer. On this table, during the hours of night, Burns committed to paper, and corrected, the verses he had composed during his day's labours. They were stored in the little drawer—the poems that have since gone over the whole earth, and entered all hearts. The critical anxiety of the author of these stable-born strains to have them brought into the highest degree of verbal and musical polish was extreme. Blane, being a good reader, and, any how, having a different mind and voice, was often kept awake or roused from slumber by Burns, that he might con over the poems, verse by verse, and line by line, so as to enable the poet to detect weaknesses of expression, or defects in euphony. These particulars may well give

some surprise to those who have been accustomed to regard Burns as only a clever peasant, writing almost at random, and have not yet opened their eyes to the fact that he was an intellectual phenomenon, such as do not perhaps occur once in a hundred years, but, when they do occur, go resistlessly on to their bright destiny, whether their bodies at first reside in elegant halls, or in a wool-stapler's shop, or in a stable-loft like that of Mossgiel.

There is a particular passage of the poet's subsequent life, which gives no small additional interest to this homely farm-stead. When he left it in November 1786, to proceed to Edinburgh, he was known to a certain extent as a poet, but was steeped in poverty to the lips, and the doom of a degrading exile was not yet removed from him. His talents, though acknowledged by a few educated persons in his native province, were as yet unstamped with the approbation of the great dispensers of fame in the capital. The journey which he was undertaking, a far and toilsome one, though cheered by some rays of hope, was, in consequence of sheer poverty, to be performed on foot. But, on the 8th of June, in the ensuing year, he returned to Mossgiel, the admired of all his countrymen, enriched, comparatively speaking, by their patronage, and habited and mounted in a style befitting his new condition and prospects. The delight which his re-appearance on this occasion gave to a family who had never ceased to love him, notwithstanding all his follies,—the image, in particular of his mother, receiving him at the door, as we are told by Mr Cunningham, with the laconic language of the full heart, "Oh, Robert!"—are certainly among the most pleasing things in the poet's history—and these belong to Mossgiel.

THE CROSS OF KILMARNOCK.

In former times, every royal burgh and burgh of barony, was distinguished by what was called a *market-cross*—usually an ornamented pillar raised on a small pedestal—and this was always pitched in the most conspicuous and important part of the town. Of late years, most such structures have been removed; but the place where any one stood invariably continues, nevertheless, to be recognised by the appellation of "The Cross." The present view represents the Cross of Kilmarnock in this sense—namely a central spot where the market-cross formerly stood. The spectator looks southward, along a handsome street through which proceeds the road to Ayr. By an uncommon good fortune, most of the places which a stranger would be apt to enquire for in Kilmarnock, on account of their connection with Burns, come within this view. A conspicuous shop, facing the spectator, on the left-hand side of the opening of the street above mentioned, and now occupied by Mr Crawford, bookseller, was formerly in the possession of Mr John Wilson, bookseller and printer; and there did Mr Wilson, in July, 1786, publish the first edition of the immortal works of the Ayrshire poet. The office in which the poems were printed, is in a



lane to the left; and it is said that Burns corrected his proofs in the uppermost floor of the house next adjacent to Wilson's shop in the same direction—probably the residence of some friend. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that he waggishly lampooned his printer in the epitaph on *Wee Johnny*, which the little man printed without knowing that he was the person meant. In a narrow street to the right, a church and steeple are conspicuous. This is the *Laigh Kirk*, the local subject of the poem entitled the *Ordination*:—

"Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a;
And there take up your stations."

To the right of the opening of this street, we have the shop of Mr Thomas Samson, nursery and seeds-man, the subject of another of the early poems of Burns. The reader may be surprised to trace the name on a sign-board expressed in the engraving. This, he must be informed, is no anachronism, as the renowned "Tam" left a son, who carries on business in the same place. It is not unworthy of notice, that the epitaph jocularly suggested by Burns at the end of his mock-elegy on Mr Samson, is actually engraved on his tombstone, in the church-yard of Kilmarnock.

VIGNETTE.

LINCLUDEN, THE POET'S DREAM.

A PERUSAL of the separate article on Lincluden Church, and of the following extract from a letter furnished by our draughtsman, will sufficiently explain the meaning of this somewhat bold *capriccio*:

"* * Perhaps you will say the picture should describe itself; but the subject is a *dream*, and the best dreams on record have after all required interpretations, and these were sometimes supplied by the dreamers themselves; under which high examples, as well as that memorable one afforded by the learned author of the Spanish Armada, a historical tragedy, when he found it necessary to interpret what Lord Burleigh meant by shaking his head, I take shelter, while I attempt to describe and interpret the Poet's Dream at Lincluden.

"The architecture which forms the back ground of the subject, is the ruined and beautiful door-way and western window of the chapel at Lincluden abbey, near Dumfries, which I need not remind a devotee of Burns was one of his most favourite haunts. Its flattened arch, of extreme rarity in Gothic architecture, its beautifully designed sculptures, and its royal tomb, are well described by a recent tourist, * however heretical in his appreciation of its general effect; which certainly is of a character different from

* Dr Dibdin.

that of New-abbey, with which he contrasts it, but yet, amid its green pastures, its quiet waters, and its graceful and fantastic ash trees, is of a style of picturesque beauty perfect in its kind. Here, by the roofless tower, 'the stern and stalwart ghaist' of liberty appeared to the poet, and here, as he has recorded in his version of 'Ca' the yowes,' the fairies love to wander by the clear moonlight. I have supposed that the Bard has visited this beautiful seclusion, late on a summer night; that he has lain down on one of the verdant knolls before the ruin, and, whether from partaking too freely of the hospitality of the Lord of the abbey at Terregles, or that of the Laird of Carse, 'deep read in old wines,' I know not; but he falls asleep, and immediately supposes his head to be pillowed on the lap of Coila, the favourite muse of his youthful manhood, to whom, and to Doon's immortal banks, though he now lived where 'Nith ran proudly to the sea,' he was often transported both in sleeping and waking vision. In this situation he is found by the king and queen of the fairies, who with their train of elves, spunkies, brownies, kelpies, mermaids, &c., come to hold a night of high revelry in their favourite domain. They immediately recognize him as the child of song, who had celebrated their race, and resolve to gratify him with a vision of some subjects worthy of being by him immortalised. As on another 'mid-summer night,' a difference of opinion arises between the royal pair, in regard to the nature of the vision to be presented. The voice of the king is still for war, and he wishes to inspire the poet to sing of high and noble deeds. The queen gives her voice for gentler and humbler themes; and the poet accordingly profits by the dispute, for, instead of one class of subjects, his soul is gladdened with a varied series of spectral tableaux, which go to fit him for excelling in all the walks of his art.

"The figures in armour behind the advanced banner, 'auld Scotland's Bluidy Lion,' conjured up by the fairy king, are Wallace, Bruce, Douglas and Randolph—characters, it may be presumed, in the intended drama, founded on a portion in the history of the great restorer of Scottish liberty, which Burns long nourished the idea of writing, and which Sir Walter Scott regretted, and his countrymen may ever regret, he did not live to write. The tattered and mutilated warrior beside them is the son of Mars of the Jolly Beggars, keeping watch over the kettle of the kirk and state, illustrating the patriotic resolves which animated even the lowest of the people at the time of the threatened French invasion; so felicitously brought out by Burns in the song of his old hero, who, beggar as he was, declared himself ready to turn out, and 'rattle on his stumps to the sound of the drum.' The figures on the other side of the picture are several rustic beauties—a ruling elder, a clergyman, Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnnie, the toil-worn cottar, over whose head death shakes his sand-glass, while the spectre is repelled by Hornbook, who with ready art holds in his face a potion phial, containing probably that universal specific, the sal-alkali of midge tail clippings. The old gentleman aloft, employed in the exercise of our serenely silent art, is Captain Grose, who was engaged in making drawings of Lincluden when he met the poet at Friar's Carse, to which rencontre we are indebted for the tale of Tam O'Shanter. The 'unco slight of caulk and keel' displayed by the military artist, has

arrested with surprise and dread a crew of witches, warlocks, and worricows, in their descent to join in the revelry below. The harper in the centre is the ghaist of liberty, proper to this locality; and I presume it is needless to be too minute in naming the more infernal minstrel with the bagpipes, who shows his unhallowed and 'reested phiz' from behind the door-way; or the somewhat too slightly draped lady who forms the apex of the pyramidal group in the unearthly galliard in the interior of the chapel. The fairies who are rifling the pockets of the sleeping bard, find one solitary coin there, indicating his poverty; the toad in the foreground personates one of those critics or biographers, whose blackened pages, throwing their shadows before, sometimes while the poet lived, clouded his serenity. In the present instance, a friendly fairy shields him from the venom of the reptile, and annoys it in turn by the application of a sprig of Scotch thistle; the moral of which is, that the countrymen of the bard will not permit even his frailties to be further drawn from their dread abode without administering the merited castigation. We are assured that through poverty, neglect, and detraction, the vision of his future fame never forsook him; and accordingly his monument is seen in the bright, though far distance. The whole phantasma is lighted up from the fire of a fairy distillery, which may be at once taken as allusive to the professional occupation of the exciseman, and as showing the nature of that spell of power which has conjured up the vision; namely, the very potent "but very natural necromancy of the punch-bowl."

It is but justice to Mr Hill to add, that much of the expression, and particularly the *national* expression, of his sketch, has vanished in the process of its transference to steel, notwithstanding the best skill of an excellent engraver.

END OF VOL. I.

